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THE FREEMAN

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER

VOLUME 13.
NUMBER 8

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1900

PRICE FIVE CENTS.
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THE UNDERGROUND

RAILWAY--REVIEW OF THE SYSTEM BY WHICH MANY

THOUSANDS OF SLAVES WERE

Liberated--How the Operation Was Systematized--A Review of the Life and Works of Moses L. Dixon the Founder.

The secret history of the underground railway, how its operation was systematized and the work of the colored people toward their liberation from bondage is the story which Moses Dickson tells here for the first time. His mother named him Moses and he says the name made him a leader. He is living in St. Louis and is Chief Grand Mentor of the Knights of Tabor an order of colored men and women which he founded. This is the story as he wrote it for the Sunday St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

"On the 5th day of April, 1824 there was a boy child born in the city of Cincinnati, O. His mother was born a slave in Virginia near Petersburg. Her master was Robert K. Dickson, a wealthy planter, owning 300 slaves. He was a kind, good master, loved by all of his people. Unlike the neighboring planters he did not mix with them in their jolification, but was a man who spent his leisure time in his library. By this means he became convinced that human slavery was wrong. It did not take Mr. Dickson long to act on his conviction. He moved his slaves to different counties in Ohio and gave each family 50 acres of land and started them comfortably in life. He then sold his property in Virginia, moved to Cincinnati, O., and married his housekeeper, Hannah. Three months after their arrival in Cincinnati I was born.

My mother was a Christian woman and a firm believer in the justice of God. She earnestly desired that her people, the bondmen would throw off their chains of bondage and become free men. She dedicated her boy to the cause of freedom and named him Moses and predicted that he would, like Moses of old, lead his people from bondage to freedom. Under the instructions of such a mother, I became a determined, implacable foe to the slave owner, slave trader and slave driver. My house was known as the headquarters of the Abolitionists of that day. It was here that these anti-slavery men met for consultation. Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Nicholas Longworth, Levi Coffin, James G. Birney, Hon. Cassius M. Clay. Henry Boyd, Calvin Fairbank, Miles Greenwood, John I. Gaines, Harriet Beecher, Henry Ward Beecher, William Darnes and many other noted men and women met there. This is the kind of surroundings that I had in my boyhood. Of course it gave me strength and firmness in my battles against the slave power.

I attended schools taught by Profs. Watts, A. B. Denham and Q. B. Nickens.

At the age of 16 years, having lost both father and mother, I felt the time had come to commence work on my mission; to prepare myself and acquaint my mind with what was necessary to be done to make preparation for the battle of freedom. I traveled extensively in the slaveholding states on money left me by my mother and saw the system of slavery in all of its horrors. It made the African blood in my veins boil with indignation and fixed my determination to never give up the struggle until there was not a slave in the United States.

In my travels I found 11 courageous, reliable men, who expressed a willingness to form a compact to work to break the chains of slavery. Arrangements were made for these men to meet in St. Louis, Mo., on the 12th day of August, 1846. I had in the meantime prepared a plan to be submitted to them.

As per agreement 12 young men assembled in the second story of an old brick house on the south-east corner of Green and Seventh streets. The name, Green street has since been changed to Lucas ave. I read my plan. After a careful discussion of all its parts it was adopted. Organizations were secretly to be made in the Southern States. None but reliable fearless men were to be enrolled. Organizers were to carefully pick the men that were courageous patient and temperate. The oath was so binding that it could not be broken. One part of was, 'I can die but I cannot reveal the name of any member until the slaves are free.' This oath was never broken,

Each man understood his part. I was to remain North with headquarters in St. Louis and watch events and keep members posted.

REV. MOSES DICKSON
Founder of Knights and Daughters of Tabor.

Ten years was the time fixed to open the battle for freedom.

It will not be amiss now to give the names of the men who, like the twelve Apostles, commenced the great work of liberty. They are John Patton and Henry Wright of South Carolina; James Bedford and Silas W. Green, of Mississippi. Irvin Hodges of Alabama; Peter Coleman, of Virginia; Willis Owens of Kentucky; James Orr, of Louisiana, Miles Graves, of Georgia; Henry Simpson, of North Carolina; Lewis Williams of Tennessee and myself. These men, with with their aides, formed organizations in all of the slave states except Missouri and Texas. The organizations multiplied. In 1856 the army of true and trusty men numbered 47,240 Knights of Liberty. They assembled for drill in their various camps at midnight.

In 1850 I saw the necessity of systematizing the work of the underground railroad. By making use of the Knights of Liberty I soon had the road in perfect order. with stations in all parts of the South. Fugitives from slavery, individually or in families, could be taken from one of the stations and safely conveyed to the Northern, Eastern or Western States and Canada. In 10 years over 60,000 were transferred from bondage to freedom.

The underground road was in good working order. Secrecy is a power. But money was needed to successfully carry out the business of the Knights of Liberty and the underground railway. I visited the New England States and New York. I was furnished letters of introduction from several eminent men of the West. I soon found wealthy men who were glad to have the opportunity to do something to aid the slaves in getting their freedom. I did not reveal all our plans, but the underground system needed money. Stations must be supplied with horses, wagons, provisions and clothing. Agents and conductors could not give their time for nothing. The result was I returned home with a large amount of money and more was promised when needed. Arms and ammunition were bought and secretely conveyed to each camp. The stations of the underground were usually from 10 to 20 miles apart. The agents were men who could be trusted. We had about 100 agents who were slave owners. They were men who disapproved of the system of slavery and wanted to see it abolished. They treated their own slaves so well that they did not want to leave them. There were a great many white men and women in the South who assisted escaping slaves.

When a fugitive got to one of the stations he was safe. He was concealed at that station until night when he was taken ahead to the next station. The agent who took him was careful to return to his home before day light of the next morning. All the traveling was done by night.

The fugitives from Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana were forwarded to St. Louis. from Virginia were forwarded to Cincinnati. Those from the Gult and Atlantic States were sent either to Cincinnati by the over land route or to the New England States on vessels. From the cities where they were finally landed, they were sent to different states or to Canada.

After the underground railway was in operation I was in New Orleans prosecuting my mission. While I was there I saw a woman and her 12-year-old daughter placed on the block to be sold. The woman was a mulatto. Her daughter was a quadroon. They were both beautiful. The woman was sold first. She begged the planter who bought her to also buy her daughter, so that they would not be separated. He said he did not have any use on his plantation for a girl of her age. She was sold to another man.

I was so stirred by this that I was determined that the woman and her child should be rescued. I had one of my men follow the man who had bought the woman and another follow the man who had bought her daughter. These men learned where the mother and her daughter were to be kept that night and managed to communicate to them that an effort was to be made to rescue them. They were therefore on the lookout. Before midnight two of my men had entered each of the houses where the slaves were and taken them away. At midnight they were at the underground station. Before daylight our tailor had them fixed up in male attire. Their hair had been cut short and they looked like a young man and a boy.

I went to the steward of the steamboat Orinoko, which was at the wharf. I told him I had a young man and a boy who wanted to go north and had no money and asked him if they could work their way up with him. He understood. He gave one work as pantryman and one as berthmaker. They left on the boat. There was a hue and cry raised when the escape of the two was discovered. The boat was searched at Baton Rouge, but no refugees were found. They safely reached St. Louis, and from there were sent to Canada.

Twelve years ago I went to Chatham, Canada, in the interest of the Knights of Tabor. I was sent to spend the night at the home of a colored family. When I entered the door the woman looked steadfastly at me.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?" she asked.

I said it was quite likely, as I was traveling all the time.

"Ain't you Blue Dick?" she cried. That was the name I was known by in the old eays. I said I was. Well, that woman nearly pulled me to pieces. She was the woman I had helped to escape from New Orleans. She told me her daughter was married and living in Chicago. The same year I went to see her. She was living in a large three story house. She was a beautiful woman. Her husband was A. J. Jones. He was in the tailor business. He died four years ago leaving her $100,000

August, 1856, was the time fixed for each camp to commence the march. I was to give the day to start. Each camp was to march and fight their way from the various States

KNIGHTS OF LIBERTY

ORGANIZED AND THEIR POWER TO HELP BONDMEN SHOWN

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT--FROM

The Auction Block to Freedom--The Black Men to the Front in the Civil War--The International Order Of Twelve, Knights of Tabor.

to Atlanta, Ga. The positive order was given by me to spare women and children and parole non-combatants and to capture all the arms and ammunition that they could get. We were sure that every colored man that could walk would join the army for freedom. We expected that when all of the camps arrived at Atlanta we would have at least 150,000 men, well armed and equipped Circumstances were to direct the movemen of the army after it arrived at Atlanta.

It will be remembered that a desperate struggle for mastery was on in 1856 between the friends of freedom and the supporters of slavery. It was very evident the parties would soon come to blows. I notified the Knights that the signs of the times admonished me that it was best to postpone the time of action for one year, but to hold themselves in readiness to march.

But the struggle of these two parties each year become more desperate and fierce. In the halls of Congress eminent Southern statesmen became crazy and declared that they would withdraw from the Union and establish a Confederate Government to perpetuate human slavery. The history of these troublesome times is of too recent date to detail now. Had not the rebellion occurred the Knights of Liberty would have made history.

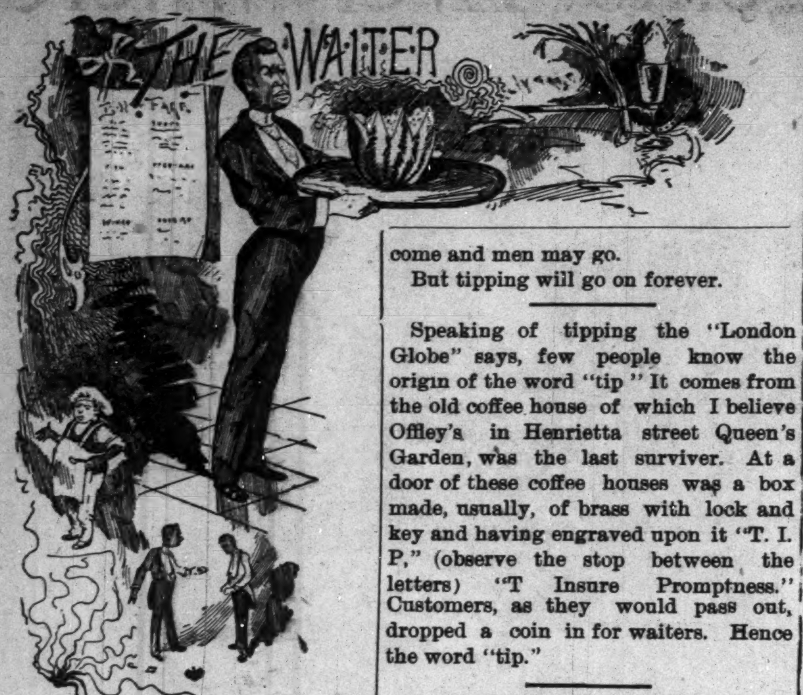
After the war had been in progress some time it was decided to call the colored men to join the Union army. Before doing this President Lincoln issued his proclamation warning the South that if they did not lay down their arms and come into the Union he would free their slaves. The Confederate laughed his proclamation to scorn. "How can he free our slaves when his soldiers can not conquer us?" they said.

The President's next call was for colored men to enlist in the Union army. I, as the chief, gave my last command for every Knight of Liberty to join the the Union army. I told them to remember their oath. "Freedom or death," and Lincoln's proclamation of freedom would not be worth the paper that it was written on if the Confederates conquered.

Did the Negro fight? Yes, victory was for the Union. When the roll was called in 1865, but seven of the Knights of Liberty answered to their names. All had given up their life for freedom.

I thought my work was done, but I could not rest. The Missouri colored soldiers donated a large sum of money to found a school in Jefferson City. Gov. McClurg as president and I as vice-president called a convention of leading colored men to meet in Jefferson City to devise ways and means to start the school. The convention elected Hon. J. Milton Turner and Moses Dickson to go before the Legislature and ask an appropriation for Lincoln Institute. They obtained an appropriation of $5,000 per year, and the school was opened. When the school question was settled and separate schools provided for colored children I declared they must have colored teachers for colored children. It was a struggle, but I was persistent and won the day. Colored teachers are now in all colored schools.

It was my desire to perpetuate the noble deeds of the Knights of Liberty. For that purpose I organized the International Order Twelve of Knights and Daughters of Tabor in Independence, Mo., in August 1872, and pushed organizations of temples and tabernacles in all parts of the United States. This is purely a Negro organization. Its rituals of 12 degrees, general laws and ceremonies and constitutions and everything needed to conduct the business of the oroer were originated and made by me. The order is now 28 years old. There are organizations in 29 States, with over 83,000 members and growing rapidly. It is beneficiary, toking care of sick members, relieving distress, burying its dead, endowing the family of deceased members, providing homes for the aged and infirm members, and schools for the orphan children of Knights and Daughters. It teaches the greatnees and goodness of God, and that unity is a power. It is non-sectarian and non political. It instructs its members to live a moral life and to accumulate property.



EDITED BY

W. FORREST COZART.

Each waiter of the Colonial Hotel, Cleveland O., (twenty-two in number) recently bought a copy of "The Waiter's Manual."

The "Hotel World" a weekly published at Chicago, produced a very fine halftone group picture of the Head Waiter's Association, in its issue of Feb. 3.

The waiters of the Knutsford Hotel, Salt Lake City, Utah, have been supplied with rubber heels. This is much better than supplying them with rubber necks.

The Employment Bureau of the Head and Second Waiter's National Benefit Association, recently sent Taylor Eldrige as headwaiter, to the West Hotel, Sandusky O.

The colored waiters lost a little fortune, in tips on the gallant little Geo. Dixon, when he was defeated for the feather weight championship of the world, by Terry McGovern.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the great colored poet, will recite a few of his gems, at Dayton, O., March 2. Dayton is Mr. Dunbar's home and the local waiters and other members of the race will give him a rousing welcome.

A headwaiter once asked a guest if the waiter was waiting on him? and the guest replied: "No, I am waiting on the waiter. Now, the question is. Does the guest wait upon the waiter, or does the waiter wait upon the guest?

Mr. T. J. Simons, one of the best known headwaiters of the South and vice president of the state of North Carolina of the headwaiters National Benefit Association, is headwaiter at the Duval House, Jacksonville, Fla., this season.

At the request of Mr. Daniel Murray assistant librarian of Congress, a copy of "The Waiters Manual" has been forwarded to be exhibited at the Paris Exposition. Thus the colored waiter of America will be intellegently represented at Paris Exposition.

The late Alvin Hulbert, who died in Chicago on Feb. 4, was one of the best known hotel men in the country. Mr. Hulbert was formerly proprietor of the Tremont House Chicago, and the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, Mo. He has always been a true friend to the colored waiter and his generosity will be greatly missed.

Oh that the hotel proprietors of to-day, would personify this good man to whom, we bow our heads in sorrow.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that the chances for colored waiters in New York City is very limited owing to the fact that there are only three or four small hotels employing colored waiters. In this respect New York City is strictly a white man's town.

I am pleased to note, however that Mr. T. H. Frazier headwaiter at the Endicott Hotel and who is one of the best men in the profession is doing much to change the situation.

A few years ago, it was a common saying, that colored waiters could not render first class service, in European plans hotels. This it seems aroused the ire of the colored waiters, in general, and they set out to disprove the assertion. How well they have succeeded can be seen by the number of European plan hotels that are now employing colored waiters. The Bellevue a new European plan hotel which has recently opeded in Boston, Mass., employ's 25 colored waiters and 'tis said that they are giving general satisfaction. Mr. F. D. Tutt a well known waiter in Chicago and Indianapolis holds a position at the Bellevue.

A few unsophistical hotel proprietors, as well as a sleeping car Company has established the "no tip rule" but tipping is like the babling brook. Men may come and men may go.

But tipping will go on forever.

Speaking of tipping the "London Globe" says, few people know the origin of the word "tip" It comes from the old coffee house of which I believe Offley's in Henrietta street Queen's Garden, was the last surviver. At a door of these coffee houses was a box made, usually, of brass with lock and key and having engraved upon it "T. I. P," (observe the stop between the letters) "T Insure Promptness." Customers, as they would pass out, dropped a coin in for waiters. Hence the word "tip."

The Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island, Mich., has changed hands. Mr. J. R. Hayes, who has been conducting this favorite summer resort, for the past ten years, retires and Mr. Henry Weaver, proprietor of the Planters' Hotel, St. Louis becomes proprietor.

This is indeed bad news for the colored waiters as Mr. Hayes has always employed colored help at the Grand and also at the Wayne hotel in Detroit, both of which he is proprietor. Mr. Weaver is a believer in white waiters and employes them at his St. Louis hotel. Just what he will do in this respect at the Grand is not yet know.

Mr. Samuel Bledsoe, a well-known colored headwaiter has been in charge of the dining-room at the Grand in the summer and at the Wayne during the winter for several years where he has won the admiration of the traveling public, as well as the respect of the large crew of waiters employed by him.

RACE GLEANINGS.

Tom Johnson, a Negro returned to his home in Hannibal, Mo., with $500,000 which he made during his four years stay in the Klondike.

The ninth annual session of the Tuskegee Negro Conference convened Feb. 21. The influences set in operation by this coming together of the masses are bound to be potential in solving the race problem.

Mr. J. Edgar Smith, for several years foreman of the Zion Publication House at Chalotte, N. C., has been appointed to, and accepted a position as compositor in the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

It is said that the Chattanooga Plow company employs 700 or 800 hands and that a large percentage of these are colored men and boys. Eighty men are employed in the foundry and in this case they are all Negroes.

Among the exhibits that Tuskegee sends to the Paris Exposition, is the wood work of a minature two horse wagon. It was made by a student working in the division of wheelwrighting and does him much credit.

A little colored girl, Mary Ledine, of New York, will succeed "Blind Tom." Her friends noticed that every time the child could get at a piano, she, with no knowledge whatever of the technique of music, was able to coax melody out of the ivory keys. Although "She" can read music fairly well, the knowledge is not of great value to her. She is a keen imitator—has a musical ear of wonderful acuteness. It is claimed that her talents are nearer like those of Blind Tom than anybody else has ever reached.

Livingtone College Charlotte, N. C., is now crowded with students to over flowing. More than 260 are in attendance and more room is needed. The upper story of Stanford Seminary needs to be finished and it will afford accommodation for 36 girls.

The bread that is eaten by the nearly eleven hundred students in Booker T. Washington's great industrial school, at Tuskegee, Ala., is baked in the baking plant that is operated by the students at the head of which is a young man of the senior class.

The Capital Saving Bank of Washington, is one of the strongest and most reliable finanical institutions in the country. It has a capital of $50,000. It is under the shrewd and far seeing management of Hon. John R. Lynch. It went through the panic of 93 without a tremor.

P. G. Groves, of Edwardsville, Wyandotte County, Kans., is recognized to be the wealthest colored man in Kansas. He owns large potato farms in the Kaw Valley and ships potatoes by the car load to all parts of the country. He owns 340 acres of land and city and town property, his personal property amounts to several thousand dollars.

READERS TAKE NOTICE.

Prof, John Uri Lloyd, the eminent scientist and scholar, of Cincinnati, who, a few years ago fairly startled and charmed the literary world by his remarkable genius and skill displayed in his book entitled "Etidorhpa," has written a wonderful serial story for The Bookman, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, bearing the homely title of "Stringtown on the Pike." This story will, no doubt, prove peculiarly valuable to the Negro race, as it is a kindly study of race characteristics, and for that reason I have undertaken to give it a critical review, which review will appear in this journal the latter part of the summer. My review will be mainly devoted to the character, Cupe, of whom The Bookman, in its February announcement, has the following to say:

"But of all the characters in the story, none can be said to be so distinctly a creation of which any author might be proud, as Old Cupe. He is the great triumph of "Stringtown on the Pike." If for no other reason, this character would lift the book far above mediocrity and give it distinction and literary achievement worthy of a noble pen. Cupe, proud, kindly, dignified, last scion of an ancient African monarchy, is every inch the King he claims to be by hereditary right. He dominates the story as does his fateful spell. He threads its situations and crowns its action in the climax." Yours for the race, CHARLES ALEXANDER.

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Cabbage—Improved Early Summer,	5	Parsnip—Long Hollow Crown,	5	Dianthus Chinensis (China Pink),	5
" Premium Late Flat Dutch,	5	Radish—Vick's Early Scarlet Globe,	5	Eschscholtzia (California Poppy),	5
Carrot—Danvers Half Long Orange,	5	" Imp. Long Scarlet Short Top,	5	Mignonette,	5
Cucumber—Imp. Early White Spine,	5	Salsify—Mammoth Sandwich Island,	5	Nasturtium—Climbing, Mixed Colors,	5
" Improved Long Green,	5	Squash—Boston Marrow,	5	Pansy—Fine Mixed,	10
Celery—Golden Heart,	5	Tomato—Bright and Early,	10	Phlox—Grandiflora Mixed,	10
Cress—Curled Garden,	5	Turnip—Purple Top Strap Leap,	5	Poppy—Vick's Brilliant Mixed,	10
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THE CUBAN HEROINE

Why, of course, I'll tell the story if you care to hear about it. Don't suppose anybody better knows the details fo the affair. The Acquackanock was attached to our blockading squadron. U. S. S. Acquackanock, according to the official register, but, in spite of high sounding title, only a mean little sea-going tugboat with a one-pounder mounted on the roof of the pilot house. Ensign Duncan was skipper, and a better seaman or cooler headed fighter under fire, I never want to sail with.

One day we were running coastwise at half speed. None of the other blockading vessels were in sight. The part of the island which we were cruising was practically untenanted, owing to the Spanish concentration orders, and there were no fortifications that amounted to anything for twenty miles either way. With the exception of those actually engaged in navigating, our whole crew were taking it easy, snuggled in shady corners and otherwise recuperating after a night of incessant watchfulness. I happened to be lying on top of a lot of commis-

("I thank you, noble American.")

sariat stuff that occupied our after deck. From my position, which was of course a considerably elevated one, I had a pretty wide field of vision by simply turning my head in any desired direction.

"Say, Landiss," called our skipper from the shaky old deck chair on which he was reclining, "what do you make out of that bright red thing down near the edge of the water, about three points on our quarter?"

"Looks as if it might be a woman, sir," I said at a venture. "Those Cuban girls are fond of bright colors when they can get them, and perhaps it is her dress. I'll take a look through the glass."

The binoculars were good ones. Had to be for our business. I suppose I must have gazed steadily through them for five minutes at the very least. At any rate the skipper got impatient and came up alongside of me.

"You're taking long enough to see right through the island and half way across the Yucatan," he says, jokingly. "May I inquire the reason of this intentness?"

"You may, sir," I replied, handing him the glasses as I spoke; "but the best answer I can give is to let you look for yourself. "If that sight does not glue your own eyes for a dozen doctor's watches, I'm no judge of petticoat folk."

It was this way. As pretty a girl as I ever want to look at—big eyes, black hair, and face just like an angel's taken bodily out of some great painting—was standing there upon the sand beach gazing directly at us, and, at the same time, waving slowly to and fro a big red thing which turned out to be a blanket. Even at that distance I fancied that I could detect a sort of wild longing in the expression of her face. The skipper must have seen as much, if not more than I did. Anyway he took the glasses down from his eyes only long enough to order our course changed so as to head directly for the spot where she was standing, and then recommenced his inspection through the lenses until we were near enough to use the naked eye to better advantage.

"Landiss, you and I will go ashore in the small boat and see what this scarlet signal means," said the skipper; "the rest of you boys, keep your eyes peeled for treachery; and if any Spanish soldiers try to rush us, just drop a shot from our main battery where it will do the most good.

The men cheered him, and even before I got well to work sculling the boat in I heard the snap of the breech block on the little one-pounder, which said in the plainest kind of language under the sun: "Now I am all loaded and ready for business."

The skipper sat up in the bow of the skiff, which was just a little dingy such as harbor tugboats usually carry, and told me how to head her. Luckily, there was no sea on, to amount to anything, and we made the landing without getting very wet.

If that Cuban girl looked a real picture through the glasses a point blank sight at her merely improved the effect, if such a thing could be possible. Not but what she had a sort of pitifully haggard look, and besides, her skimp dress was torn to rags. But somehow, even such disadvantages could not queer her style of beauty. She might have come out a shade prettier when all togged up in ball folderols, although I doubt it. But I'll stop describing her to you, for I couldn't do the subject justice if I tried.

It was a mighty sad story she told the ensign, half in broken English and the rest to her own lingo. I picked out enough of it to size the whole thing up. Her people had been well off and she was partly educated in the states, but the rebellion came along and her brothers joined the insurgents, and the Spaniards burnt down their plantation. and looted everything. The same old story so far. But thi girl—— Her name was a longish one and hard to pronounce. The skipper got it down fine, but we always just called her "the Senorita." She certainly was as plucky as they make them. Her father and mother and half a dozen aunts or servants of one kind or another were all old and pretty nigh helpless; so when the reconcentration edicts went into effect they simply could not obey. So what does she do but pitch in and rig up a little hut in among the trees, and lugged them all there, and tried to provide for them. It must have been a tussle to keep out of reach of the Dons, let alone finding food for half a dozen mouths beside her own, in a country that was well nigh devastated. But she did it, somehow or other. Then came sickness to vary the routine, and her father and mother were pretty nigh dying for want of medicines. That was how she came to run the risk of signalling us.

Of course I sculled out to the ship again and brought back our medicine chest and som cans of soup and things to go with it. Meanwhile the skipper had gone along with her to the hut she had built, and so I toted the things up there myself, in a half a dozen loads or so.

Her shanty was a pretty tough looking piece of architecture, made of brush and long grass, but it served every purpose, and I don't wonder at the Dons not having sighted it on their coast patrols. The old people were in a pretty bad state. We possibly could not move the sickest ones, and the others were not a great deal better.

"As soon as one of our ships that has a doctor on board comes round I'll bring him ashore with me," said the skipper to the young lady; "meanwhile, as you say you have a little knowledge of medicine and its uses I presume you can do something with our chest."

I never did see a girl carry on so about being grateful, and "how noble we were," and all that sort of theatrical talk. But of course you must expect such from those Cubans. They're all hot-blooded creatures, and say exactly what they mean right out. But for that matter the Senorita scarcely needed to talk. Her eyes told everything. She followed us out of the hut when we went down towards the boat again.

"Is there anything more we can do for you, madam?" says the ensign, with his hat in his hand and bending forward as if he was talking to the Queen of England and not a barefooted Cuban girl with enough good looks to supply an ordinary dozen. "I should earnestly repeat my advice to you of seeking safety on board my vessel with all your companions that can be moved. I am truly sorry to say that I fear the days of your parents are already numbered."

"I thank you, noble American," replied the Senorita in her pretty lisping fashion; "but we both have sacred duties. Yours with your ships to the fight! I my people to nurse! But one thing there is you can do for me more, and every moment shall I call blessings upon the heads of my preservers. Give to me the—what call you it?—that thing." (Pointing to the revolver in his belt). "I know its good use, but not your name."

Without a word the skipper took the weapon from its belt, saw that its chambers were properly loaded and handed it to her. He was about to give her extra cartridges from his pouch, but she stopped him.

"No, no," she cried; "one shot will my purpose serve—two at most!"

Then we understood, and I imagined I heard the skipper sniffle once or twice as we went down to the beach. I'm free to acknowledge that I did as much. Pshaw!

Well, sir, the Acquackanock cruised up and down that part of the coast for a week or more. Not a day but what we managed to pass by the place where the Senorita and her field hospital hung out, and usually she would come down to the shore, where she was rather hid from landsighting, and wave that old red blanket to let us know that all went well. Of course we did not dare answer back very much for fear of having others see the signals that were not intended for them; but it made every soul on board mighty glad to see that old serape bobbing about, I can tell you. And once or twice I took the skipper ashore there again, with a lot of our duds for her to make clothes out of, and little knicknacks of food and such and he would have palavered with her by the hour if I had not made believe to see smoke out to seaward or something like that. And one time he put a ring that had belonged to his mother—I heard him tell her so—on her finger, and the last time he kissed her when I made believe not to be looking. And I don't blame either him or her for that matter. I enjoyed the war-time love making almost as much as they did. Hang me for a regular soft soap swab! Here's my blamed old eyes filling up just as if they'd been scuttled for insurance!

Well, the next day we were steaming along towards what we called the "Senorita's landing." Our pilot had got so used to being ordered to head the ship in there that he steered at an easy angle on his own account, just to save time. And so we were within niee range of the shore. I'll never know just what made me climb up on top of the pilot house alongside of our little cannon. At any rate there I happened to be, and the ammunition chest was handy. Just as we came abreast of an open piece of country I gave a careless look ashore, and then my eyes fairly bulged out of my head. I saw about half a dozen Spanish cavalry soldiers riding along in a little compact troop, and the middle fellow had a different sort of saddle cloth from the rest!

"What in blankety-blank do you mean firing off that gun without my orders, Landiss?" bellowed the skipper, coming out from his cabin at the sound of the report: "And good gracious, man, you're nothing else than a murderer. You have no right to shoot men down in cold blood like that!"

"One or two are only wounded apparently, sir, I'm sorry to say," I replied, saluting as I spoke; "but I got the chap with the scarlet blanket saddlecloth all right."

"What?" he yelled. But he knew as well as I did, poor fellow.

The look of the inside of that wretched hut was something frightful. But the Senorita had used the skipper's revolver in time to save what was more than life.—The Criterion.

A worthy citizen who attended a church on Staten Island remarked one day that there was more caste in his church than there was in Calcutta.—Nemo.

I never lie down to sleep at night without praying for the salvation of my men, and also for that of our friends overthe river.—Gen. R. E. Lee, during the Civil War.

THE COLLIE AND SHEEP.

Wonderful Sagacity Shown in the Care of Flocks.

The sheep dogs in this country come by their nature and training honestly, for either they or their ancestors came from the sheep-dotted hills of England, Scotland or Wales, where for generations past the supreme effort of the shepherd has been to produce a perfect sheep dog. They have succeeded well, for no man could excel them in sheep lore, no man could be more useful to the sheep owner, for man is neither so persistent and agile, possesses such endurance, or is so gentle under training and reproof. The dog doesn't reason as to the why and wherefore of his affection, for the worst sort of a brutal shepherd may have the most faithful dog, one that will mind the sheep on the hills, patiently await his master's coming and guide his reeling foosteps to his home.

On the great plains of the west these dogs have made it possible for one man to care for three or four thousand sheep in one flock. All they ask is a bite to eat, and once in a while when their feet are filled with the sharp thorns of the cactus they will come to have them taken out. There is no value on a well-trained sheep dog. The well-bred collie which takes the prizes at the bench snow is beautiful to look at, but this homelier brother, the trained dog of the range, is worth more than he is beyond price. The sheep owner holds him as beyond purchase. The sheep herder who falls so low as to part with his companion is yet to be found, and if the dog were to be bought the buyer might rue his bargain, for the master must go with the dog.

In the new country the work of the sheep dog is hard; it is on a big scale. In the old country the work is easier, but it has its finer points. In the new country the dog may drive two thousand sheep; in the old country a dog may drive three or four, which takes more thought and skill. In the old country the feature of every country fair in a sheep district is the sheep dog trials. A trophy is the annual prize, and the shepherds and their dogs come from afar to try for the cup. The dog that carries away the trophy may be a little, short-haired, homely and insignificant brute, which slinks to the heels of his master like a creature of no spirit, but send him after the sheep and his whole character seems to change. He is slow and gentle or quick and bold, as the sheep may require. His whole attitude is tense and nervous. No human being could manifest a greater responsibility.—Kansas City Star.

Fewer Lynchings.

Probably ninety-nine newspaper readers out of every hundred, if asked for their impressions at the end of 1899, would have said that they supposed there had been more cases of lynching in this country last year than in any previous twelvemonth. It is therefore a pleasant surprise to find that the statistician of the Chicago Tribune, who has kept track of the figures for many years, can report that the record was really the smallest since 1885. There is no explanation of the apparent mystery which is not generaly thought of. Public sentiment against lynching has been growing steadily throughout the country, and especially in the south, where the practice has been most common. The result is that the press gives much greater publicity to reports of all such outrages now than formerly, and 107 cases during 1899 consequently attracted more attention than would twice as many fifteen years ago.—N. Y. Evening Post.

What He Wanted.

There was an enterprising Liverpool tailor who has never been known to acknowledge that he didn't have anything a possible customer might ask for.

One day a customer entered the shop and asked if he had any trousers made especially for one-legged men.

"Certainly," replied the merchant. "What kind do you want?"

"Dress trousers," said the man. "The best you've got."

Hurrying to the rear of the store, the enterprising merchant snatched up a pair of trousers and snipped off the right leg. Hastily turning under the edges he presented them to the customer.

"That's the kind I want. What's the price?"

"One guinea."

"Well give me a pair with the left leg off."

A month later the merchant was pronounced convalescent and on the high road to recovery.—London Tit-Bits.

American Locomotive Building.

As an instance of the speed with which work can be executed by one of our great American locomotive firms, it is worth noting that an order was given on Dec. 16, 1897, for forty Mogul locomotives for two Russian railways. The first of the forty was erected and tried under steam on Jan. 5. 1898, three weeks after the receipt of the order, and was finished, ready to dismantle and pack for shipment one week later. The last engine was competed on Feb. 13. The forty engines were then constructed in about eight weeks, besides twenty-eight additional engines on other orders built in the works, wholly or partially, and shipped during the same period. No wonder the Americans have gained a reputation for smartness.—Cassier's Magazine.

Mushrooms for the Million.

What is claimed to be the largest mushrom house in America is being built on the John Wyeth farm, near West Chester, Pa. It will be equipped with four tiers of beds for the growing of mushrooms, giving a total area of 196,650 square feet for the purpose.

Tons of Flowers Used.

Vast quantities of flowers are gatherd for perfumery purposes. It is estimated that each year 1,860 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmine, 75 tons of tuberose, 30 tons of cassie and 15 tons of jonquils.

Weight of London Fog.

Every day there hangs over London a vast smoke cloud that is estimated to weigh about 300 tons.

News Items.

Terre Haute Ind., Special.—Mr. and Mrs. Simon Hughes, of Brazil Ind., was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carter last week. Mrs. Docia Parker, of Chicago, is visiting her daughter Mrs. Mamie Ridgely, of South 13½ st. Grandfather Charles Row, of North twentieth st. is very sick. Mrs. Perlina Jones of Marion, Ind was in the city last week visiting her son in Third avenue. Mrs. Addie Anderson, of South Fourteenth st., who was very sick last week is able to be out again. The Free-Will Baptist and the Second Baptists are holding a grand revival meeting.

Interesting Notes.

Crawfordsville, Ind, Special. Rev. D. M Turner, pastor Second Baptist church of the city has gone to Terre Haute to assist in the series of meetings held there. Rev. Turner is doing a great and good work here. Under his able management the church is in a prosperous with their future hopes and prospects bright. Under the leadership of Rev. M. V. Saunders, the A. M. E. Church of this place has made remarkable progress. The work and interest is steadily increasing and much is being done toward the upbuilding of the cause. The following statistics speak. Amount paid pastor during last quarter, $154. Trustees raised $51.03. Sunday School $10.00.

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"Obstinate"

Becky Jones,

of Ballston Spa, N. Y., received the above title because she would not testify in the celebrated Hammersly will case several years ago, and consequently was confined in the Ludlow street jail by the irate judge. She says in a letter recently received:

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SATURDAY FEBRUARY 24, 1900.

A. M. E. GENERAL CONFERENCE.

As the month of May approaches the interest manifested in the next quadrennial or general Conference of the A. M. E. church, to be held in Columbus, O., at that time, is greatly increasing.

The creating of at least four Bishops by the conference is fairly conceded and unless something very unusual happens, Drs. M. M. Moore, T. W. Henderson, and C. T. Shaffer will be three of that four. Tyree of Tennessee, looms up well from the South but a new Richmond is in the field in the person of Dr. C. S. Smith, of Tyree's state. The candidacy of Dr. Smith has assumed great proportions and it may be set down that in any contest Smith is in, he is certain to be reckoned with. Well, he is a big brainey man, whom some are trying to disparage, but he has been a prince of the church, a strong supporter of the cause through thick and thin. His giant intellect could have secured him greater recognition in other fields had he chosen to have thus asserted him self.

The Freeman is no particular advocate of Smith's but it has noted the tendency to club the big brainy fellow and for no reason other than that he is big and brainy. The chances are that he will be clubbed right into the bishopricsy of the A. M. E. church.

The white journals are becoming a factor in this Methodist family pow-wow. The Dispatch, of Vicksburg has the following to say:

"The consensus of opinion in many sections of the A. M. E. church as gathered from what is being said by newspapers, delegates and the people is that the coming general conference of the A. M. E. Church which meets in Columbus, Ohio next May, will elect four or five more bishops, and among those who may be successful are Revs. T. W. Henderson, C. T. Shaffer, H. T. Johnson E. Tyree, of Tennesse; Rev. J. M. Conner of Mississippi. All of them are excellent men. One of these will go to Africa for the foreign fields.

It is believed that Dr. Conner of Mississippi will just suit the African work and is very much needed in that field. He has given his consent to go if elected.

When asked: "Is it true that you said before the Louisiana conference of the A. M. E. Church, as it appeared in the Daily New Orleans Picayune, that you would not accept the Bishopric?" he replied:

"The first of my knowing anything about it was when it appeared in the Picayune and some other papers. The whole thing is untrue, as Bishop Handy and the whole conference know. I said nothing of the kind. I was selected unanimously to represent the visitors and being struck with the warm reception given us and how Bishop Handy and Bishop Derrick's conference resembled each other in freedom of speech and increase in membership, money for the cause of education and missions, etc., I spoke mostly along that line in a congratulatory manner of the excellent appearance of the ministers of the conference."—Dispatch.

It will be seen that the South is not slow in presenting candidates for consideration. Dr. J. M. Conner is one of the strong intellectual forces of the church. His books on theology are well known and widely read. He has been very favorably mentioned for the bishope bench for several years. He is qualified and would serve the church with zeal and ability.

It is very evident that the South will be represented in the bishops selected. Any slate that is formed, as a matter of policy will bear the names of either Tyree, Smith or Conner. These three men from their geographical situation are unfortunate or else at least two out of the three would be selected. The A. M. E. church is strongest in the North, and like the Republican party, it draws its administrative strength from the North.

Governor Roosevelt has emphatically declined in advance the nomination for Vice-President which seemed so sure to be offered to him, by the Republican party in June. He evidently wants another term as Governor of New York and the Presidency. That he is a brilliant and able man no one will deny and he has managed to make the public impression, that he is fair in all things. This is an enviable reputation in any walk of life especially in politics.—The Gdd Fellows Journal.

That "he has managed to make the public impression, that he is fair in all things" is quite to the point. As this excellent journal intimates, Mr. Roosevelt has got some squaring up to do with the Negroes who are eagerly watching and opportunity to show their "love" for him.

Mr. Roosevelt, on returning from Cuba, had nothing but words of commendation for the Negro troops, that were said to have so ably seconded his movements at ElCaney and at San Juan Hill.

It was a chagrining surprise to know that during his gubernatorial campaign he saw fit to give utterances as to the conduct of the Negro troops that were diametrically opposed to his previous statements.

It may be that the public is not truly informed as to what the Governor of New York did say. But be that as it may, the impression certainly obtains among Negroes generally that Mr. Roosevelt has studiously belittled the actions of the Negro troops while in battle. It is to be hoped that the misunderstanding is the result of some error which a word from him can set right. It would ill become the Negroes to impeach the integrity of one who has served his country so worthily, the Governor of our greatest state and a formidable candidate for the presidency unless there are grave reasons for such an impeachment.

As the matter stands, the Negroes are hostile towards Governor Roosevelt and for no other reason than his reputed utterances. The charges against him are not in keeping with his reputation as a hightoned, dignified, American citizen who would rather be right than president. Notwithstanding all that, the question is, what did Mr. Roosevelt say?

The Afro-American Council is very desirous of testing the constitutionality of recent amendments to the Constitution of Louisiana. It is soliciting funds for pushing the case.

The investigation goes merrily on. A penalty for laughing at the wrong time seems to be one of the unwritten laws. The policemen had all better laugh in their sleeves in the future in order to avoid detection. S'death to the laughers.

Call on your member of the legislature, at once, and interest him in house bill No. 369 which seeks to strengthen our Ohio anti-lynching law. Let our ministers and leaders in all the Ohio communities be especially active. Don't delay.—Cleveland Gazette.

The above from Hon. H. C. Smith's paper shows his ruling passion. In the legislature of Ohio, of which Mr. Smith was a member, he succeeded in having passed an anti-lynching law. He is now in the senate, where he hopes to strengthen the old law, the necessity for which has been seen during its operations.

Anti-lynching laws are, at the best, only salutary measures; they cannot prohibit a lynching but they can make it very unpleasant for the participants afterwards. They can so bind sheriffs and other officials to their duties that they will not wink at the disorders; if they do they would run the risk of forfeiting their positions.

Lynching laws cannot keep down the passions of the people but they can compel the proper officials to disperse crowds assembled for violence.

THE GREAT PAPER.

Dr. M. A. Majors, of Texas, a well known newspaper correspondent has the following to say of The Freeman:

"The great paper is always in the happy mean, never extreme, fanatical or given to lassitude. It knows when and how to speak on all public, religious or social issues and because of this it has long since been adopted as the only safe newspaper of the American Republic, published by the race. Its solidity from a financial standpoint makes it a certainty. Its firmness from a political standpoint makes it a safe paper. Its truthfulness and high purpose makes it a great paper.

Here is honesty, the brightest jewel that bedecks the American crown of citizenship. the palladium of the American home, sustained in its publication by the Negro throughout the world and by lovers of liberty wherever the English language is spoken.

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them," or something very much like that, Shakespeare has said. The doctor dubs The Freeman great, is he sustained? If he means great in intentions, great in endeavors, great in doing the right as God gives it light to see the right then The Freeman pleads guilty to the effort to be great, at least. But as to results, as to the construction put on its efforts, as to the verdict its many readers may bring in as to the course it pursues, we leave it to Dr. Majors and others, to decide as to its greatness.

The managers of this paper are flesh and blood. They, while publishing this paper, are not opposed to a good thing said about them occasionally. These journalistic sweets should come. They are as oases in the great desert—the sandy—the waste places of life. However we are not to be surfeited by them, and there is not much danger of that, for like all luxury that is too constantly indulged in, it inervates.

At times the journalistic maw cries out for these tid-bits as the stomach craves a blood element, If they are not forthcoming the managers feel to ground their instruments and slink unobtrusively from the field.

Let the Dr. Majors and others say on. They can afford to be lavish, fulsome, with their praise. Like that of the politician: let it come in an exaggerated form for while we know the purport, it like alcohol warms for a while at least and the individual is loved more for his ingenuity. So there is something gained.

These men, the Dr. Majors and others, are building better than they know. The whole Negro craft needs those blessings which do not impoverish the givers but makes the receivers rich indeed.

Strange, we have not heard of the little southern game of "lynch" lately. Is it really too cold down there or has the advance in hemp had a dampening effect upon very obliging gentlemen.—The Chicago World.

The tendency to let up on the little game of "lynch" is decidedly marked. There was one reported case last week, which was not in an exaggerated form. In 1899 there was but 173 cases of lynching according to statistics compiled by very good authority. While that is 173 too many, it is an excellent showing in contrast with other years. Let 1900 be the banner year for the diminishment of the mania.

As it was expected the Boers at last are compelled to retire before the British forces. They do not retire in disgrace for they have contested ever inch of the ground. The world will admire their courage regardless of their disposition as a nation.

THE TIME RIPE FOR ACTION.

The Afro-American Council's Appeal. Contributions Needed to Help the Cause of our Brother in the South.

The time is dow ripe for action on the part of the Afro-American Council to justify its right to the continued support of the people, by taking steps to meet their laudable desire to test through the courts the constitutional provisions in force in the State of Louisiana, whereby thousands of American citizens are unjustly denied the suffrage rights guaranteed them by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the constitution of the United States, such denial operating solely upon American citizens of African descent.

It is not the part of freemen to tamely submit to outrage against their rights, and our fitness for citizenship will be estimated by our unity of purpose to resist by every possible means, encroachments on our rights, and our willingness to make individual sacrifices for the protection of the same.

Our brethren in Louisiana can not unaided, meet the issue. Our opponents have unlimited resources, and are unscrupulous in the use of them to work our undoing.

In view of the facts in the case, it is expected that every man and woman in sympathy with the effort to bring before the courts the question of the validity of the constitutional provisions of the State of Louisiana, will make a liberal contribution of money for that purpose, and induce others to do likewise.

Contributions should be sent to the Secretary of the Committee on Finance 2011 Vermont Avenue, Washington D. C. Remittances should be by postal orders or registered letters.

Papers publishing this call are also instructed to collect moneys for the purpose set forth above and to acknowledge the receipt of same throughout the columns of said papers.

Bishop Alexander Walters, D. D
president of the Afro-American Council.
Jno. H. Harmon, Chairman, Finance Committee. Jesse Lawson, Secretary, Finance Committee.

N. B —Contributions will be promptly acknowledged.

News Notes.

Greencastle, Ind., Special.—Mr. John Lucus, of Kokomo, visited Rev. G. W. Hardiman last week. Mrs. Lou Tisdale after spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Herring returned to her home in Russellville, Ky., last week. Messrs. Wm. Hope and Wheeler of Terre Haute spent Sunday forenoon with friends in the city while enroute to Lafayette. Miss Estelle Horney is visiting her Grand Father Mr. Isaac Horney in Indianapolis this week. Rev. James Herring, of Terre Haute, preached at Hinton Chapel last Sunday in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Henry. Mr. Frank Taylor has returned from Indianapolis for an indefinite stay. Mr. Harry Rhodes attended the William & Walker show at Indianapolis last week. Mr. Bass of Bloomington spent a few hours last Sunday while enroute to Anderson. Mr. John C. Payne is quite low with consumption. The revival at St. Paul Baptist church closed Sunday Feb. 4, with two confessions. The Stewards and Trustees of Bethel A. M. E. church gave an entertainment on last Wednesday evening which was well attended. Mr. Wm. Nichols was in Indianapolis last week in the interest of the Sons and Daughters of Jerusalem. Mr. Thomas Nichols who married Roseana Elmore on Jan. 8, has mysteriously disappeared. Owing to the heavy indebtedness of Bethel A. M. E. church. The officers has dismissed their pastor Rev. G. W. Hardiman. They could not support a pastor as he should be and pay the debt of the church. The affair was settled satisfactory to both parties. Rev. J. H. Henry will start a revival at Hinton Chapel soon

Gem City Notes.

Frankfort, Ind., Special.—Mr. Albert Idle has been spending a few days in the country, he thus caused a little excitment in the Gem City. Mrs. Frank Lincy has recovered. Mrs. Horner is reported much better. Mrs. Mary E. Williams is better. Mr. Charles Emory of Michigantown, was in town last week. Be posted on all race happenings by reading The Freeman. Rev. J. H. Johnson preached an excellent sermon on Sunday night, in which was shown the progress of Christ's Works. Do not forget the grand rally to be given in June. Give a helping hand now. Church services every Sunday. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Sunday School promptly at 2:30 J. D. Kersey, Supt. Teacher meeting Monday night. The K. of V. C. club meet at Willard hall Monday night. The revival services ended Saturday night. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. Sunday School was largely attended Sunday afternoon. Miss Mary Idle is still in our city. Fire bugs are getting numerous the firemen having to make several call within a week. Many of the show windows that are on the square, caused a great deal of attraction by having some of Cupid's work on Valentine day. Mrs. J. H Johnson has returned from Noblesville, Ind., after spending two or three weeks in the revival work with the church of that city. She reports that excellent work has been done during the revival. Mr. Elroy Cummings was in Indianapolis, Wednesday. Mr. Joe Homes has been on the sick list. Miss Hale, of Crawfordsville, Ind., passed through this city Wednesday enroute to Logansport. Mr. Hope, of Terre Haute, Ind., passed through this city Wednesday enroute to Peru, Ind., at which place he will attend the ball given Wednesday night. Hoyt's "A Black Sheep" made a very entertaining play Wednesday night The Gem City is soon to have a new bicycle shop, which will be located on East Clinton street. Mrs. Amanda Edwards, of Lafayette, Ind., is some better. Mr. John Morgan, of Michigantown, was in this city Thursday.

Items of Interest.

Weatherford, Tex., Special.—Rev. Cooper, of Fort Worth, preached at the C. M. E. church last week. The B. C. B. of K., gave a supper at their hall on the 10th which was well attended. Webb Cass jr., suffered from an abcess on his face last week. The following is the representatives of the Second Ward. H. W. Harper, Prof. G. P. Lewis and six white delegates.

The Freeman in New Orleans.

H. G. Cailloix, corner Canal and Franklin streets, New Orleans, La., has excepted the agency of The Freeman. Copies on hand at all times.

A PROFESSIONAL

Colored Base Ball Team for St. Louis --A Practical Profession.

St. Louis has at last come to the front with a first-class professional base ball team. The Imperial Base Ball Club has been recently organized and have elected the following well-known gentlemen as officers: James L. Todd, president; William R. Thompson, secretary; George Anderson, manager.

The management has secured park and perfected all arrangements and are prepared to meet all comers. We solicit correspondence from all first-class teams. For further particulars, address,

WILLIAM R. THOMPSON, Sec.,
1407 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Newsy Pick Ups.

Marion, Ind., Special.—Mr. David Gastin and family, of Kokomo, Ind. have moved here preparatory to going into the junk business and keeping private boarding house. We welcome them and wish them success. Mrs. Ada Weaver, of Wabash, is in the city visiting Hattie and Harry Hammonds. Mr. Upthegrove, of Muncie, Ind., is in the city visiting his sister Mrs. Julia Grant.

Interesting News Items.

Louisville, Ky., Special.—Rev. Luckett we are glad to state is out, and filled his pulpit Sunday evening to a large and appreciated audience. Rev. Dr. Thompson of Quinn Chapel, has been blessed in his revival they have reached the hungry sinner from all parts of the city, and I learn that the ninty-three have professed the word of God. It is to be hoped the good work will still go on until there is not a soul left unsaved. Rev. Smith Claiborne and Rev. Anderson are holding revival meeting at their churches and it is said are meeting with good results. The Auxiliary Hospital under the management of Dr. H. Fitzbutler had a banquet Monday evening. While the weather was very unpleasant their was a large gathering present. The Hospital at 1029 West Green corner 11th streets is a two story brick building of 12 large rooms. Bath and operating room to their credit, They have successfully managed forty child births, six cases of laparatomy, two ovarotomy, thirty-seven minor surgery and many acute diseases. There I found every thing nice and cherishing to the patient, nurses are trained free of charge uniform furnish and District work abundant. The object of this gathering was to refurnish their operating room which means that the ladies of the auxiliary are grateful to those who give their present Monday evening, we are glad such interest are shown to such a worthy cause.

Of Importan Interest.

Petersburg, Va., Special.—A grand and agreeable surprise was given on the 13th to Mrs. Kittie Booling of 209 Burn street, who is ill with paralysis. The affair was under the command of Rev. Mme. Louisa Cooley. The donaters met at Peabody school and marched from there to the home of Mrs. Booling. She was the recipient of $5.50 in money and two well filled baskets. Mr. Samuel Thornton is now located with Mr. John H. Davis, the popular butcher. He was hurt last week by a side of beef falling on him and had to have the services of Dr. C. R. Alexander. At this writing he is improving, and the chances of a serious injury were very narrowly averted.

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills are guaranteed to stop Headache in 20 minutes. "One cent a dose."

Marietta Notes.

Marietta, Ga., Special.—C. L. Pinkney, the colored plumber of this city is having good success. L. V. Stokes is the gentlemen's tailor. The Freeman will be on sale for five cents a copy every Saturday at J. H. Fair's barbershop, or by the city agent, R. A. Henry. Look for "B. Square's Bluster." Read The Freeman friends!

Left the Bates House.

The Dalton Hat Co., has removed to 111 W. Washington street, opposite the Bates House. They will positively sell the best $2 hat in America.

Something New

HITZ'S
FAVORITE
Crackers

Finest ever put on sale. Ask your grocer for them.

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FRANK M. HAY,
Subject to decision of Republican County Convention.

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Send 15 cents in stamps with which to pay postage on one copy, with prospectus and instructions, and we will forward to your address a complete outfit. Address:

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE STAGE.

—EDITED BY—

J. HARRY JACKSON.

THE FREEMAN POST OFFICE.

A stamped envelope, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each letter, and the line of business followed by the person addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Note—Professionals and others should bear in mind that all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

LADIES LIST.

Allen, Bessie	Hyer, May
Barnett, Nettie (2)	Jackson, Mrs. J. W.
Brown, Cassie	Lewis, Nettie
Blackwell, Clara 2	Liverpool, Mrs. Leath
Garay, Lilly	Mackay-Accooe, Alice
Gillam, Bessie	Russell, Tenie
Grey, Miss Alice	Thurman-Perry Lizzie
Goff, Nettie	Watts, Mrs. Al F.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, J. G.	Lewis, Chas.
Allison, Wm	McCabe, D. W (2)
Afro-American league	McQuitty, J A
Banks, David J.	Mahara, W A
Brown, G. W.	Martell, W H (2)
Banta, R. A.	Martin, Al W
Black, Billy De	Miller, Billy
Boyer, L. M.	Miller, Phil
Bull, Ike	Montgomery, A. H.
Bundy, Geo., 319th	Montgomery, Walter
Blind Boone	Morris, J. W.
Canadian Jub. Singers	Morton, Jos
Carter, W H	Oliver, Jack
Chapman, John	Owens, W. J.
Cole, Bob	Patrick, Frank T.
Coats, Arthur (2)	Parker, Chas.
Clark, H. W.	Porter, W. A. (2)
Collins, Ben	Powell, Clarence
Cooper, Wm E	Pittman, John C.
Cooper, R. M.	Preston, Charlie
Cook, Wm.	Prince, Arthur L
Cottrell, Will	Quine, Geo. W.
Crayton, Harry	Reese, Geo.
Cumming & Alexander	Roberts, Walter M.
Desdunes, Dan	Scotte, C. Jakes (2)
Dobbins, Joe	Shelton, Ollie C.
Devine, Ralph	Smart & Williams
Douglass, Jas.	Smith, A. J.
Emery & Asher	Simmons, Geo. G.
Gillam, Harry	Stevenson, Arna
Gray, George	Stevens, Augustus
Glenn, Buddie	Sutton, Frank
Handy, W. C.	Thearle, H. B.
Hampton, Pete G.	Thompson, R. N.
Henderson, Robt.	Titchner, Geo.
Hogan, Ernest (4)	Turner, Jas. A.
Horn, Will	Walker, O
Jackson, Arthur	Wallace, J. A.
Jackson, Prof. P. J	Washington, Lewis
Jenkins, Wesley	Wood, Geo. W.
Johnson, Ed W.	Wood, Fountain (2)
Johnson, Chas.	Willis, Jas A
Johnson, Burt E.	Willis, Ernest
Kemp, Bobby	Wilkens, Nathan
Kersands, Billy	Winfred Henry

"The Two Electric Seals"—Tutt and Tutt.

• • •

"I got a letter from Billy Cumsam"—Sea Lion.

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The Trustys are not with Allen's New Orleans Minstrels as was reported in our last issue.

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On account of illness, Chas. A. Hunter closed with the Nashville Students and Gideon's Minstrels, at Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 11.

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Male and female talent is wanted for the Harrison Bros.' production of the "New and Ancient South." See their "ad" elsewhere on this page.

• • •

Billy D. Black and Billy Rabe have joined hands in a new and original act entitled "I Never Was in the South." They send regards to all friends.

• • •

Ike Devine and Chas. Miller, two old Indianapolis boys, are making a big hit, nightly, with Clifford and Huth's farce-comedy "Courted into Court."

• • •

Billy and Madrid Jackson are now in the East appearing in the leading vaudeville houses. They were at Hurtig & Seamon's Music Hall, New York City, laet week, with Tony Pastor's and Koster & Bial's to follow.

• • •

Tutt and Tutt, champion grotesque cake walkers of the world, are scoring a big hit with Slayton's Jubilee Singers. Mr. Tutt has invested $800 in seal-skin wraps for himself and wife, and they are now known as the "Two Electric Seals."

• • •

The Full Weight Quartette, of New York City, that have been engaged this season with a prominent Philadelphia cigar manufacturer, as advertisers, closed with the firm at Indianapolis, Feb. 19. The quartette is composed as follows: John Miller, 1st tenor; Charles Harberd, 2nd tenor; Lawrence Reddix, baritone, and Frank Bolden, basso.

• • •

James W. Campbell, stage and amusement director of the Little Solo Theatre, Galveston, Tex., writes: "We re-opened Feb 10, to good business. Everybody is well and hitting them hard. Glenn, Davis and Daugherty are still pleasing the audience nightly. Miss Estella Freeman, our pleasing prima donna, is singing with great success. Regards to all professionals.

• • •

Messrs. W. C. Buckner, Wm. A. Weir, Lester Helm and A. L. Tutt, who by the way, was accompanied by his $500 sealskin overcoat, were pleasant callers at The Freeman office Tuesday morning. They are with Slayton's Jubilee Singers which stopped over here for a few hours, enroute to Tipton. Mr. Buckner who is business manager of the company, reports that they have been doing a wonderful business through the New England States.

• • •

The Slayton Jubilee Singers No. 1, en route for the West after a long trip through the East and New England states and Canada as far as Quebec, have been a howling success. The public says they are without-a-doubt the best concert company ever appeared in the New England states. The company has nine in number, four ladies and five gentlemen, all artists in their line. The manager, W. C. Buckner has spared no pains in securing ladies and gentlemen to make up this company. The roster of the company is as follows: N. T. Washington, W. A. Weir, Lester Helms, Mrs. E. P. B. Helms, Mrs. V. A. Greene, Mrs. E. L. Tutt, Mme. Sylvester, A. L. Tutt, stage director and W. C. Buckner, business manager.

• • •

Miss Nettie Goff, trombone soloist, writes that during her recent engagement in Havana, Cuba, she was tendered a reception by the musicians of that city, that was simply grand. They could not understand how such a small lady could get so much music out of that difficult instrument. She had several offers to remain, but she thought she would rather see the Rusco and Holland boys once more.

• • •

New Orleans, La., Notes—John E. Lewis, the great Southern tenor, who is the manager of the New Orleans Colored Troubadours sends regards to Holmes and Burk, Miss J. A. Harris and other members of the company and friends. Look out for A. Brooks in his female impersonation the coming season, Frank Clermont, of the firm of Clermont & Tucker, has just received from Bobby Kemp, his likeness, which will be placed on the title page of their latest coon song: "Dat Gal Got to Give Me Back My Home." Of course little Bobby Kemp is well known all over the country. He is now being featured with Rusco & Holland's Big Minstrel Festival. Prof Clermont and Tucker have arranged the orchestration and professional copies will soon be ready. Bobby Kemp will introduce this song.

• • •

J. Ed. Green, of the Oliver Scott's Minstrels, writes:—"The cold icy winds of the North have blown in on us and seems to be an unwelcome visitor. Our Southern route through Florida having been cancelled we are now enroute through the mother state of presidents. The Henderson brothers entertained a few members of the company at their home, Athens Tenn. Clarence took his old familiar role of 'the cop' during our engagement there W. H. Russell left for a flying visit home, from Athens, rejoining the show at Lynchburg. At Chattanooga, Tenn., Tom Cross entertained Messrs Clarence Powell, 'Kitchie' and J. Ed. Green, the boys also enjoyed a pleasant time at Jake Earles rag-time ball. Standing room was at a premium during our engagements at Chattanooga and at Knoxville, the company being greeted with storms of applause. Maxwell the trick cyclist proves a strong feature. James White has added to his repertoire that funny meaning song of Irving Jones,' "My money never runs out," and is making a wonderful hit. Richard Lewis is featuring, "My Littie Georgia Rose." Bob Pannel, Harry Creighton, W. H. Russell were at home at Lynchburg and a general hand-shaking and "Hello there!" was exchanged. Every one is well and sends best regards to all members of the profession.

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The following is a letter from Mr. R. F. Douge,. Cabanatuan, P. I., Dec. 15, 1899; to editor The Freeman; dear sir.—"Your esteem paper, The Freeman comes to hand in every mail and is read with much interest. Being an ex-professional, I have derived much pleasure from the perusal of The Freeman professional columns, and send enclosed a roster of our band with a recent programme, thinking they may be of interest to The Freeman readers. At Cabanatuan, Luzon, P. I., a concert was given by the 24th U. S. Infantry Band at the regimental headquarters, Dec. 10, 1899: Programme—March—"24th U. S. Infantry," Thompson, (respectfully dedicated to the officers and men of the regiment.) Overture—"Zampa," Herald; Waltz—"The Skater," Waldteufel; Grand Selection—"Cavalleria-Rusticana," Mascagni; Patrol—"Turkish," Michaelis; Star Spangled Banner.—Wilfred O. Thompson, chief musician. The roster is as follows: Wilfred O. Thompson, leader; W. A. Gage, 1st cornet; William Quarles, 2d cornet; G. Simpson, 3rd cornet; W. J. Townsend, piccolo; T. N. Fitch, Eb clarionet; R. F. Douge, solo Bb clarionet; R. J. Brown, 1st clarionet; M. J. Bell, 2d clarionet; K. Smith, 2d clarionet; C. W. Eubanks, 3rd clarionet; T. N. Green, 3rd clarionet; T. White, 1st alto; William Porter, 2d alto; E. O. Curtis, 3rd alto; P. Bounseler, 1st trombone; C. Camel, 2d trombone; J. Graham, 3rd trombone; A. H. Wall, baritone; J. A. McCoy, euphonium; Edward E. Lee, tuba; Joseph Clark, bombardon; Zack Ewing, snare drum; C. N. Fuller, bass drum; E. L. Gaines, cymbals; Henry Johnson, tenor saxophone."

• • •

Notes from Stowe's Double Mammonth Uncle Tom's Cabin Company. It has been a little while since our many friends have heard from us through your esteemed Journal. Owing to indisposition of our company correspondent, but we are still in the ring playing generally to standing room only, in many instances turning them away through Illinois, Missouri and Kansas. Everybody is well, and as is an established rule, the "Ghost" preambulates every Sunday after breakfast. Our business has been phenominal this season so far with excellent booking ballance season. We followed very closely in wake of the Martin's Uncle Tom's Cabin Company through Southwest Missouri and in every instance turned them away. At Springfield, and Jefferson City, our business far surpassed the capacity of the house, and at Springfield we put in the largest matinee in the history of the house, and the largest days business for the company this season. Our company numbers forty-one people, traveling in our own special place car "Emma" and wining and dining of the best the market affords We carry two bands, one white one colored. The white band is as follows, Jas. F. Dolan band master Chas. Harrison, M. F. Owens, B. F. Forbes, F. W. Bertram, W. H. Bramley and H. McVeen. The colored band Wm. Blue band master Walter Smith, R. Nicolas, S. E. Townsend, Wm. Testus, Geo. Israel, Jas. Marshall, Major Ben. F. Payne. The cast is stronger than ordinary with Major Ben. F. Payne in the little role. Our specialties during the action of the play are strictly up-to-date, and far surpass previous efforts. The Stowe Caliope Quartette is a special feature and never fails to captivate the audience nightly. Mme. Banks in her Ophelia is true to nature. The Marshalls in their swell turn "Society" with little Walter the Mascot are simply interesting and amusing. Little Greeta Bromly the smallest and youngest Eva on the American stage is as pretty as a doll, and a phenomina. Jas. and Tilley Marshall, O. C. Shelton and Miss Annie Dorsey are setting a pace for them all in our "pas-ma-la" cake walk, a creation of our own. Miss Damon in her creation of Topsy, "golly aint I wicked" keeps them howling. Geo. Israel and Wm. Blue sends regards to Henry Carter, and little Willie Bostwick. Mr. Ruben Lawrence rings the bell three times a day, and we put our feet under the table regular.

• • •

Notes from the Mahara's Minstrel Festival.—"After a most successful Southern tour, we sailed from Port Tampa, Fla., for the sunny isle of Cuba February 1, playing Key West three nights to crowded houses. Our genial proprietor and manager, Mr. W. A. Mahara is much gratified with our reception everywhere in the South and has received showers of congratulations upon the brilliant array of talent he has secured, and upon the general deportment of the company as ladies and gentlemen. Requests for return dates have been numerous. Mr. Gordon C. Collins, our leading comedian has created a furror everywhere and has been royally banqueted and entertained. Life for him seems one continuous round of applause and pleasure, and everyone wants to see the 'fat funny boy' and his little dog 'Roxie.' He sends regards to all the boys. Mr. Leroy Bland, the versatile singing comedian and character artist, has added many laurels to his bright crown of fame. He ranks as peerless in his line. Mr. George Hamilton, comedian, has been "hitting em hard" and is 'making good' all along the line. Prof. William Handy, our eminent bandmaster, and his military band are discoursing sweet music to the delight of all. Their street concerts are marvels of harmony and are highly appreciated by the admiring public. Mr. Will Malone, conductor of orchestra, controls a number of very efficient musicians and their rendition of standard overtures are received with much applause. Mr. Malone's partner, Mr. C. Jakes Scotte, has quite recovered from his long illness and will soon rejoin. During their separation, Mr. Malone has put on their musical act unassisted, and has been very successful. Mr. Malone is rendering 'Chrystal Beach.' cornet solo, with brilliant effect. Miss Nettie Goff, lady trombonist is causing the people to stand in open-mouth wonder at her brilliancy. She is a great favorite with the music-loving public. Mr. Oliver Perry is making a hit with his solo alto and sends regards to Nathan Wilkins and Pearl Brewer. The Thornton Sisters, soubrettes and cake walkers, have proven themselves artists in their line, and are prime favorites everywhere. Mr. Will Garland, tenor, is singing with grand effect and is complimented greatly upon the strength and beauty of his voice. Miss India B. Gordon, soubrette, gains much favor from our audiences. Our roster is as follows: Gordan C. Collins, Leroy Bland, George Hamilton, Prof. William Handy, Will Malone, Louis Wright, W. N. P. Spiller, Will Garland, Arthur Turnbull, Will Smith, Oliver Perry, John Holland, Milton Graves, Will Walls, Edgar Clark, Clifford Bell, Will Lacy, Bert De Leo, John English, Ulysses Nichols, Cliff Lewis, Albert Fredricks, Mrs. William Handy, the Misses Mary Thornton, Rosa Paine, Clara Thornton, India Gordon, Nellie Thornton, Dora Wilson, Nettie Goff, Sophie Nelson, Mrs. Albert Fredricks.

OUR AUSTRALIAN LETTER.

They say that Frank Poole "cleaned up" for Jack Hearde.

Jack Evans the dancer will remain in Australia—Good reason why.

Charley Alexander musical director is doing nicely and sends regards.

Wise & Milton and the Bartons are big favorites with McAdoo's Company.

Amon Davis is on the sick list. The three Jones Bros., and Miss Katie Carter have left the Hogan show and are playing dates

The many friends of Tom Logan will be pained to learn of the death of his father at Kansas City, Mo., the 8th of last month.

The Three Connor Bros., Acrobats who came over with Hicks & Sawyer 12 years ago, are permanently located at Dunnedin, N. Z.

At a sacred concert recently Miss Vincent Bradley (Mrs. C. F. Alexander) displayed considerable talent and thoroughness as an elocutionist.

Billy McClain who came over with Ernest Hogan as one of the principal comedians is now stage manager for O. M. Mcdoo and has written a play called "Boer Justice" of which the papers make favorable comment.

Mr. Robert C. Logan has succeeded Tom Logan as stage manager of Hogan's Minstrels. Mr. Tom Logan having severed his connection with said company several weeks ago and is playing dates.

L. H. Saulsbury and Kid Alston settled their differences in the hotel at the hotel at Nelson New Zealand recently by thowing glasses etc at each other. Result: Saulsbury being the poorer marksman of the two got the worst of the encounter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Stafford of Hogan's Ministrels send regards to all. Ernest Hogan has dramatized Uncle Tom's Cabin and is making a tremendous hit as "Uncle Tom." The papers also have said some nice things of Lawrence Chenault as "Mr. St. Clare," C. F. Alexander as "Marks" Madah Hyer as "Eliza" Muriel Ringold as "Topsy" Tom Logan as "Simon Legree" and "Liver" as the bloodhound.

The members of Curtis American Ministrels brought suit recently at Christ church N. Z., and obtained judgement for back salary. Mr. Curtis immediately departed for parts unknown. The show was immediately reorganized with Ernest Hogan and Carl Dante as proprietors and will be known hereafter as Hogan's Minstrels. They expect to return to America sometime in June.

HANDY ANDY.

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Peyton and Harris

Comedy Sketch Artists; in their new act entitled "Honey Pick Up and Follow Me." Singing and Talking Comedians. Grotesque Cake Walker. Managers of good companies Address care The Freeman, Indianapolis Ind

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GOODALL AND KEMP

Comedians, Singers and Dancers.

Introducing their trial buck and ragtime patting—"Pick the Winner."

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—who are alround minstrel people. Singers, dancers, comedians musical experts and Cake Walkers. All must be good dressers, capable of doing two or more specialties. State lowest salary for a season engagement. Boozers and mashers save stamps.

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CHRISTIAN

INTERLOCUTOR.

RUSCO & HOLLAND'S BIG MINSTREL FESTINAL. "Alright too"—Say the Gang.

COLONEL JESSUP

The sharp sound of horses' hoofs ringing against the level, sun-baked road rouse 'Mandy Jessup from a state of hopeful abstraction, and leaning from her low seat in the door she shaded her eyes with her hands and peered anxiously out up the winding path.

A young man on a stout "cane tacky" (Creole pony) parted the bushes and alighted without a word.

"Well, 'Riah?" interrogated Mrs. Jessup; then as he shook his head dejectedly, "sho'ly they ain't goin'——"

"Tain't any use wastin' yo' breath questionin' Mam," Amariah interrupted, sinking into the chair his mother had just vacated, "they air goin' clear against us!"

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Jessup with indignation, as she hung 'Riah's hat on a nail in the whitewashed wall. "Well, well! an' you ar ole Zach Jessup's own gran'chile by his second wife—why ther ain't no jestis in Mississippi, if the liyers can't see with one eye that it's all yourn!"

"I was kinder hopeful at fust, but soon I saw ther wasn't any chance for me; Judge Gary is all for Cunnel Jessup's claim an I'm no whar!"

"'Riah, f'you had a leetle change ter slip inter the jury's hands you'd git thar too," insinuated Mrs. Jessup. "Lawsy! how you skeered me!" she shrieked, as Amariah's clinched fist came down on the table with a crash.

"Don't say any mo'! I've got no money, an' if I had 'twould never go dishonestly! This little shanty is mean enough," looking sadly around at the dirty walls and wretched furniture, "but it's come by honestly."

"You're right, 'Riah, an' don' fret 'bout Lissy! Ther's ez good fish in the river ez ever was caught; if she's too fine for yo' place why the's the Spinner gals is handy an'—well, I never if he ain't gone off in the heat o' the day!" as Amariah impatiently jerked his gun from the rack, and pulling his slouch hat down over his eyes, hurried away from his miserable home, which resembled a chicken-coop set up on pegs to avoid high water.

He pushed through the bending canebrake, crackling the fallen stalks under his feet, roughly tearing aside the poisonous red and yellow vines that clung to him, heedless of the gray moss that brushed his cheek as he passed under the water-oaks, and the wild ducks that, frightened by his footsteps, flew up from the swamp with hoarse cries.

The ripple and splash of the river lapping against the bank, roused him from his abstraction as a bend in the willows brought him close to the golden Mississippi rushing down to its death in the great seas.

Across this arm of the river lay the Jessup plantation stretching far out into the water like the finger of a great hand and half hid by the rank growth of moss-covered trees he could catch a glimpse of the once stately home of the Jessups—now grim and deserted, with its acres of untilled land lying fallow the year round.

Pausing a moment to look at the spot where his brightest dreams had been centered and where now lay the grass grave of his dead hopes, the young man turned resolutely away. Following the narrow path on top of the high levee for some distance, he then took a road to his right which wound its way through a dense forest and was soon lost in the gathering gloom.

* * * * * * * *

Colonel Jessup of the hill Jessups, so called because his neat white cottage was built on a green mound, sat on his gallery, from which a fine view could be obtained of the Jessup plan-

("What!" yelled the colonel.)

tation, which he was now regarding with the indulgent eye of ownership, and as the colonel called his pretty daughter Lissy and asked for another glass of mint julep anyone could see at a glance that he was in an extraordinary fine humor.

"I am certainly glad," Judge Gary was saying, that we have succeeded in wresting that fine old place from the grasp of those shiftless, downstream Jessups it was really a duty we owed society in general to decide against them!"

"Dam'me, sah! you' hand on that!" energetically from the colonel. "An' you may be sho', sah, if I see him loafin 'round Lissy any mo' I'll kick him off, so!" and the irascible colonel administered a sharp rap on the judge's august shin.

"Softly, softly, colonel!" cried that gentleman, rubbing his bruised member, "don't do anything to arouse the young lady's anger—I am afraid I have already offended her in some way."

"Hang it, no, sah! She's jest like all girls—devilish skittish when a man's 'round! She sho'ly ought to respect a gentleman that has saved a piece of property like that for her ole dad, an' dam'me if I think she cares a picayune! Anyhow, she's yours by to-morrow evenin' as soon as that place is put pintedly in my possession," and Colonel Jessup, waivng a tiresome discussion, leaned back with closed eyes enjoying his new-found property.

The judge also indulged in pleasant meditations, occasionally talkng a sip from the glass at his side as he mused upon Lissy's tempting red lips and glowing eyes.

"Evenin', cunnel, evenin', judge!"

Both men started from their reveries and looking saw Amariah standing before them.

The colonel's face was purple with anger and astonishment while a sardonic grin sped across the lawyer's thin features.

"Well, 'Riah, is yo' biz-ness pressing?" asked the colonel sarcastically. As he straightened his rotund figure Amariah looked from one to the unsympathetic face and his own flushed painfully.

"My biz-ness is mo' private than pressin,' cunnel," he answered with dignity after a pause.

"Well, you couldn't be mo' private than with me an' Jedge Gary."

"My biz-ness have nothin' to do with Judge Gary; it's—about—Lissy!" he jerked forth with so visible an effort that great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead which he wiped away with a large plaid handkerchief.

"Oh, as to that—if it's 'bout Lissy," chuckled the colonel, with a knowing wink at the judge, "Jedge Gary has a half interest there, too; mind, jedge, I've only said half to-day."

Amariah's limbs were stiff and tired, but he would not sit down uninvited, and now an angry gleam shot from his dark eyes.

"I see you air very sho' of my granfather's place, cunnel, an' much joy may you have—for whatever is come by honestly is boun' to be enjoyed."

"Humph!" growled the colonel, "who told you to come here with your impudent, knowin' talk!"

"Avery Solon," giggled the judge.

The young man felt that he was not pushing his suit with policy, but his blood was decidedly up.

"You may sneer, jedge, an' you, cunnel, may laugh, but as sho' as thar's a God in heaven that plantation is mine! an' but for kinks an' law terms, that us folks can't understan' thar wouldn't a' been any suit 'tween my father an' you! As for Lissy—I love her, an' she—she keers for me; but so long as I have only a po' shelter sich as mine to offer her, I ain't fit to kiss the groun' she walks on! God will help me through—I feel it—an,' I warn you, the Jessup plantation'll never be yours!"

"What!" yelled the colonel, springing from his chair and glaring suspiciously at the two men.

"What! I tell you, you lyin raskill, that I'm as sartin of that plantation as I am of the—the—the jedge's honesty," laying a heavy hand threateningly on the judge's shoulder.

"An' to show you how sartin I am, I promise you that if to-morrow evenin' that plantation ain't in my possession you can have Lissy an'—an'—half my place to boot."

"Softly, colonel," expostulated the judge.

"Yes, I mean it," cried the excited colonel; "you know, jedge, I put my trust on you; no half-way measures suit me, an' you see I am mighty sho' of you, 'cause I never break my word."

"Well, I have yo word, cunnel," said Amariah, calmly, "an' the jedge is my witness." Then before either could speak he had vanished among the trees.

The moon was at its full when Amarah shut and fastened the door of his little room in the old stable, and so bright and soft was the light she gave that he smothered the feeble flame of his candle till it flickered and went out; then groping around on his knees he found a plank, very loose at one end, and running his hand along the edge drew out a small, leathern bag and emptied its contents on the floor—gold eagles and a handful of silver the savings of his life. It had seemed a great deal of money to 'Riah, but now he realized how little it would buy.

"It ain't much," he muttered, "but it might do a good deal. If somebody could get at them law papers—if they could be burnt—then—then—then—no, no!" he cried, burying his face in his hands, "things come by dishonestly don't do any good; it ain't in me! I can't cheat and steal!"

Slowly he dropped the pieces one by one into the bag and put them back in their hiding place; but his sleep that night was disturbed by strange dreams, and e'er the sun was fairly up, he had left his bed to breathe the cool morning air. Idly shouldering his gun, as was his habit, he once more turned his footsteps toward the Jessup plantation, now gone from him forever.

Colonel Jessup, also desirous of seeing his newly acquired wealth by early sunrise, had taken his accustomed seat on his verandah, field-glass in hand, and was surveying the beautiful wilderness at his leisure.

As Amariah stood looking, it seemed to him that the tall willows bent until their heads almost touched the river; a low, rumbling sound smote his ears, the willows bent lower, and with a crash, sank into the river; the gray old house tottered and trembled, and, with a hoarse rattle of wood and stones, was devoured by the greedy waters.

"My God, the plantation's caving off!" Amariah gasped as he dashed into the woodland path to the hill Jessups, shouting as he came nearer.

"Bring men—men! the plantation's caving!" He roused the hands, who came running to the point of land and worked with all their might to save the old cotton-gin and its valuable machinery. Amariah gave orders and lent himself willingly to the almost hopeless task, while Colonel Jessup sat stock still in his chair, holding Lissy's hand tight in his own clumsy fingers. In an hour the Jessup plantation had vanished from earth like a spectre, and nothing was left to tell of it but a mass of trees and planks whirling down to the sea.

"'Riah," called the colonel, faintly, "you've worked for me this mornin' like my own son, but even nature was against me. I'm wore out with lawsuits! Take Lissy if you like an' he'p ten' this place. Seems to me I'm gettin' ole all of a sudden," with a tremulous smile, taking Lissy's hand and placing it in Amariah's warm clasp. After a moment's silence, during which he seemed almost asleep, Colonel Jessup half rose from his chair, gazed with startled eyes at the seething river, where once had been his every thought, then, with a low moan, fell back lifeless in Amariah's arms.

The river had taken from him the hope that made the old man's heart beat, and now it lay at rest forever.

A woman once asked Rudyard Kipling whether Cecil Rhodes was a married man. "Yes," was the reply she received, "to 10,000 square acres of British territory. England cannot afford to let such a man as that marry in any other way."

THE CASCADE TUNNEL.

Trains Will Be Running Through the Mountain by 1900.

The Cascade tunnel of the Great Northern, one of the great railroad tunnels of the west, is rapidly nearing completion. The tunnel will be 13,253 feet in length, and its cost will exceed $13,000,000.

This tunnel has been excavated at a point where the Cascade range is the highest, and the distance from the roof of the tunnel to the pinnacle of the mountain through which it runs is 2,300 feet. The contractors have broken all records for tunneling. Work was begun in January, 1897, and by Oct. 1 next the tunnel will be turned over to the Great Northern fully completed. It will take about thirty days to lay the track and get trains running after the tunnel is finished.

The contractors are now working two camps, one at each end. Wellington is the western end and Cascade the eastern. On Jan. 1 the tuneling had progressed 4,700 feet on the Wellington end and 4,300 feet on the Cascade end. This leaves 5,253 feet yet to be completed. Seven hundred and fifty men in all are employed, and are driving about ten feet a day on each end. The men are worked in three shifts of eight hours each, and fourteen drills are employed by each crew. The tunnel will be uniform in size all the way through, 24 feet high and 20 feet wide. The drilling is being followed up by the concrete work, so that shortly after the tunnel is cut this portion of the work will be finished. Seventy men are employed in each shift to do the tunneling, about 150 are employed at the concrete work and about fifty engineers and helpers are engaged.

When the tunnel is turned over to the Great Northern the cars will be operated through it by electricity, or some smokeless device that may yet be adapted to the work. President Hill has found nothing that promises to appears to offer more desirable service than an electric motor. The old switchback road which climbs and crosses the Cascade mountains near the new tunnel, will give place to the new and short route via the tunnel by the end of 1900.

JOE JEFFERSON'S NAP.

Effect It Had Upon an Irish Hotel Porter.

A good story is told of an experience of Joseph Jefferson, the great actor. A number of years ago he played a one-night engagement in a small Indiana town, appearing in his favorite part of Rip Van Winkle. In the hotel in which he stopped was an Irishman "recently landed," who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep and serious interest he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor, rolled into one.

At about 6 o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on the door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "call" order at the office he was naturally very indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded of that individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was summoned. Said the clerk: "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk by the lapel of the coat the Hibernian led him to one side and said, in a mysterious whisper: "He were shnoring loike a horse, sir, and Oi'd heerd the b'ys saying as how he was onct afther shlaping for twinty years, so Oi ses to meself, ses Oi, 'Moike, it's a cooming onto him agin, and it's yer juty to git the crayther out o' yer house instantly!'"—Leslie's Weekly.

Texas Under Six Flags.

Scarcely another state in the union has as remarkable an interesting a history as Texas. In one respect at least it occupies a unique position in the history of American states. Since its discovery six different governments have at different times claimed its allegiance and as many different flags have waved over it, those of France, Spain, Mexico, Independent Texas, the United States and the Confederate States. The foundation of Texas statehood was not laid as a British colony, nor under the grant or control of the British crown, as were those of the original thirteen states. Its first settlement dates back more than two hundred years ago, and its first American colonists went there under terms and conditions imposed by a foreign state to whose language, laws and institutions they were total strangers.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Wily Native.

"Nothing," says a man who spent many years in South Africa, "gives a native greater pleasure than to read the countenance of a white man when he knows the latter wants information. For a piece of tobacco he will trump up an exciting story, and for an extra quarter he will lay it on thickly. I have often seen them at this game, their eyes twinkling with delight while they have been imparting some confidential statement to myself and others; and it is quite clear that they are making wild statements as to these supposed battles and the terrible loss of life which has been inflicted upon the enemy."

She Can Boast.

Philadelphia can boast of the longest smoothly asphalted street in the world. Broad street has that distinction. It is the only street which is of even width for eleven miles, and this width is the gratest ever attained by any street for a course of eleven miles. It is also the straightest street, for from League Island to the county line it does not vary an inch, except where the great city building causes the building to turn around it. Seven miles of the street are asphalted, but the remainder is provided with a bed of fine macadam, which is about twenty miles further on.

Shoesoles Eight Feet Thick.

We wear away two inches of shoe leather in a year. A pair of shoes that would "last a lifetime" would, consequently, have to be provided with soles from 8 feet to 9 feet thick.

News of Importance.

Marion, Ind., Special.—Mr. Heart of St. Joe, Mich., passed through here on his way home from a visit with his (intended.) Two of our most popular young men still persist in great investments, after investing (heavy) in the street car line from here to Anderson They went to Wabash to see about buying stock in the Wabash railroad and while in Wabash they bought a coal yard. We wish them success. Miss Mayme Clay returned to her home in Indianapolis last Monday to witness her sister's wedding after an extended visit with Miss Cora A. Julius, Miss Libbie Hill who has been on the sick list for several days is able to be out again. Beware of too much corn bread and cabbage. The cake walk given by James Booth in the grand opera house last Monday night was a success Ella Austin, Anna Boyd and Merry Bex, are on the sick list. Elizia Smith is not expected to live. Mrs. Stella Burdan entertained the Needle and Thimble or the Twentieth Century Pleasure Club last Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Ed. Waters will entertain them next Wednesday. Mrs. Anna Julius entertained Mrs. Young and family and Mr. John Holland of Benton Harbor at dinner Sunday Get cheap but useful wisdom by reading The Freeman, you will find it for sale at John H. Robinson's barbershop.

CAUTION TO OUR READERS!

In buying the remedy "To Cure a Cold in One Day," LAXATIVE BROMO-QUININE TABLETS be sure the signature of the inventor

E W Grove

appears on each package. Many worthless imitations are put up under similar names and are calculated to deceive the public.

WANTED! WANTED!! A competent barber to take position in a first-class shop. Must be good workman. Apply before the 10th of March to William Harver, 109 Portage avenue, Sault Ste Marie, Mich.

Trance Medium---A True Christian Medium.

Writes your fortune in Dead Trance. Reveals everything of Past, Present and Future. Can clear all obsticles, especially Business, Marriage, Courtship and Family Affairs. Can tell missing friends and their whereabouts. Can describe enemies and keep them in fear of you. Can make life easy for one who consults the Madam. Write for satisfaction at once, do not delay. Answer these questions for 25 cents and enclosed stamp. For life-reading letters must enclose name, age and $1.00 and enclosed stamp. No letters noticed unless $1.00 and enclosed stamp sent for life-reading. Address letters to Mrs. M. F. Harper, 711 W. Spring street, Lima, O.

Take Soldiers Relief.

A sure cure for pains or cramps in the stomach, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentry Summer Complaint, Cholera Infantum and indigestion, Testimonials.
Manufactured by A. A. Nichols, 407 W. Northt. street Indianapolis, Ind.
For sale by all druggist.

A GOOD THING.

Some of the Late Claims Paid Colored Members of the American Mutual Aid Association of St. Louis, Mo.

The American Mutual Aid Association St. Louis have paid the following late claims in Indianapolis:—M. M. Meadows 719 West Eleventh st., fell and skinned face, $8.58; Alfred Outland, 430 Yande st., fell down steps, $7.15; W. H. Johnson, 622 West North st., mashed foot, $15.70; Geo. H. Goins, 543 West 12th street, broken arm, $50.00; John Prince 1707 Alvord st., foot mashed $15.71; O. S. McGee, 1022 Senate avenue fell and hurt arm; three days, $3.00. O. S. McGee, 1022 Senate ave., injured finger, $7.00; G. St. Clair, 320 Muskingham street, struck with brass knucks, $5.75; Andrew Smith, 1019 N. Missouri street, injured foot, $6.85; John N. Beck sick list, $14.30; and Mary Hampton struck nail in foot, $1.00; Jno. M. Beck 2½ days, strained limb, $3.55; Ellis White arm broke, $35. Rufus Allison, Anderson Ind., $5; J. R. Gaskin, 210 Roanoke street, $5.00 Mrs. F. Taylor, 1419 N. Missouri street, $2.85; Rev. A. L. Murray, $24.29. Mr. E. B. Hampton is the agent in this city, at room 43 Baldwin Block, corner of Deleware and Market tr eets.

SANTAL-MIDY

In 48 hours Gonorrhœa and discharges from the urinary organs, arrested by Santal Midy Capsules without inconvenience Price $1. of ALL Druggists, or P. O. Box 2081. New York.

MIDY

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Bottle of B. B. B.--Cures All Blood Troubles.

CANCER, BLOOD POISON, ACHES,

Pains, All Run-Down, Old Sores, and Pimples.

RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH.

Is your blood poor? Is it thin? Nose bleeding and headache? Pricking pains in the skin? Shin feels hot and swollen? All run down? Blood bad? Have you pimples? Eruptions? Scrofula? Eating sores? Itching, Eczema? Boils, Scaly Eruptions Skin or Scalp Itch? Cancer? Blood, Hair or Skin Humors? Tired out, with Aches and Pains in Bones or Joints? As tired in the morning as when you went to bed? Hereditary or contracted Blood Poison? Ulcers in throat and mouth? Swollen glands? Rheumatism? Catarrh? Have they resisted medical treatment? If you have any of the above troubles, B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) should be taken at once. B. B. B. is different from any other remedy because B. B. B. drains from the blood and entire system the Humors and Poisons which cause all the above-named troubles, and thus makes a permanent cure and heals every sore, giving the rich glow of health to the skin.

Everyone says that B. B. B. is the most wonderful Blood Purifier of the age, for it has cured the most deep seated, obstinate cases (even the most deadly cancer) after doctors and patent medicines had failed.

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CADET MASTERS.

First call for parade had sounded at West Point and the cadets had gathered in little groups on the infantry plain, laughing and chatting while waiting for the drums to roll off the "fall in." It is the close of a rare June day and the sun sinking behind the ruined battlements of old Fort Putman, towering westward of the barracks, throws the slowly lengthening shadow of the old revolutionary relic across the parade ground.

There is unusual jollity in "D" company to-night. The names of the cadet officers for the coming year have been announced, and of the cadets who will wear chevrons a large number have been chosen from the boys of this command. The unlucky ones are busy congratulating their fortunate fellows and giving them the initiatory back-slapping usual on such occasions. Altogether there is a good deal of noise and skylarking being crowded into that brief interval between drums.

At a little distance from the rollicking gray-clad groups stands a cadet leaning on his rifle. He is taking no part in the fun of his fellows. John Masters, that is his name, is a tall, well-knit boy ,with a face that is perhaps grave and thoughtful be years. He has been at West Point a full year now and is a full-fledged third classman, or "yearling," as the cadets prefer to call it. John Masters is cut by nearly all his fellow cadets. The few who speak to him do so only on rare occasions, for the cadets have pronounced this boy a coward. When he reported at the academy for some weeks his course ran as did that of the other cadets. He took his hazing good-naturedly, and there was nothing to mark him different from his comrades. Then one day by the usual order from the superintendent the new cadets were formed into two sections for the purpose of taking dancing lessons. The corps of cadets was something more than mildly astonished the next day when a special order from General O. O. Howard, the superintendent, was read excusing cadet John Masters from attendance at the dancing class on account of "expressed conscientious scruples against dancing." Such a thing as this had never happened before in the whole history of the academy. The cadets laughed at Masters a little and most of them called him a "milksop."

It was not until a month after this, however, that the real trouble of the new cadet's life began. In accordance with old-time cadet usage it seemed to the body of the boys that a certain class difficulty made it necessary for Masters to engage in a fight with an upper classman behind the ramparts of old Fort Clinton, which for eighty years had been the place where cadets settled their difficulties with their

("I was the first to call you coward.")

fists. Masters said: "There is no reason for my fighting; I do not believe in it. While I will always defend myself from assault and resent an intended insult I will under no circumstances engage in an arranged fight. It is against my conscience."

The cadets at once voted Masters a coward and cut him off from all comradeship. His room-mate secured other quarters and the ostracism was made complete.

* * * * * * *

It is mid July at the academy, one month after the opening scene of this story. The first-class men are drilling with the heavy "seacoast guns," which frown over the parapets near the north pier. The third-class men, standing in detachments by the caissons and light field pieces on the artillery plain, are waiting the ringing trumpet signal, "Cannoneers, mount." In front of the white-tented camping ground, under the shade of the great elms, are gathered hundreds of spectators, mostly women and children, waiting eagerly for the yearlings' inspiriting artillery drill. The trumpets sound "Mount," and the cannoneers spring to their seats on caisson and limber chest. There are four horses two leaders and two at the pole for each piece and its attached limber. On the extreme left of the battery is the field rifle, to which Cadet Masters is assigned. He has sprung to his place on the limber chest and is sitting there with folded arms, facing forward, with his feet upon the pole between the flanks of the rear horses. On either side of him, facing to the rear, is another cadet, his companion cannoneer for the drill. The horses drawing the limber chest and its attached field piece ae a recent government purchase. They are absolutely new to the drill and are restive and frightened. The two enlisted men, whose duty it is to ride one leader and one wheel horse and to act as drivers during the evolution, have slipped to the ground for a moment to adjust a twisted trace.

At this instant there comes from below the hill, where the senior cadets are at work with the great guns, the heavy reverberating boom of the giant twenty-ton smooth bore. The four mettlesome horses attached to Cadet Masters' field-piece and limber jump forward without the warning of a fraction of a second, hurling the two enlisted men to the ground and dashing forward in wild flight over the artillery plain dragging as though it were but a feather, the ammunition chest and the three inch rifle. The two cadets who are Masters' fellow cannoneers, with the ease born of training, jump from the limber chest clear of the thundering wheels of the trailing cannon and alight uninjured on the ground.

Cadet Masters is about to follow them. His right hand is on the flank of the nigh pole horse and he makes ready to leap forward beyond and to the left of the crunching caisson wheel. Then for a moment he looks ahead. In the direct course of the flying horses are the hundreds of gathered spectators for the great part women and children. They are sitting as if paralyzed by the sight of the runaway. Masters' thoughts act quickly. There is no time here to spare. He stands upright on the pole between the rearmost two of the maddened horses. He makes his way slowly forward, his hand now upon the back of one, now upon the back of the other. One slip means instant death beneath the hoofs or the grinding of the gun wheels. Masters' body sways as the animals dash over the rough ground of the drill plain. He looks ahead once more. Many of the crowd have sought safety in flight, but scores of women and children are still in the direct line of danger. Reaching the end of the swaying pole Masters stands for one instant erect. Then, just how no one ever knew, he made a flying leap and landed squarely astride one of the frenzied leaders. They are within thirty yards of the group of frightened onlookers. Masters leans forward, well over the neck of his mount, grasps the bridle at the right side near the bit, and by a mighty effort brings the leader's head to the right. As if in obedience to the enforced movement, the other leader complies and there is a slight change of direction. Once more the cadet brings his whole force to bear upon the bridle and still further do the runaways change their course. They are almost upon the terrified group of people. One more tugging effort. The leaders are turned still more and the children under the shade of the elms are saved.

With speed unchecked the horses dash on. Almost in their path stands a great tent post. Masters makes an effort to bring them clear, but only half succeeding, the wheels crash into the obstruction and the boy is thrown headlong to the plain, stunned and bleeding.

When thought in some degree comes back and objects shape themselves once more to his eye he becomes conscious that a cadet is bending over him and saying: "Masters, I was the first one to call you a coward. You've got more grit than the whole corps of cadets put together." A cheer that came as an echo to the words told John Masters, coward, that he had won his case with his comrades.—Chicago Record.

Toasting the General.

At a family party where young people predominated, the grandmother of a dozen lively boys and girls suggested a game which had been in vogue in her childhood. With the substitution of the name of the President for that she gave, the game was played with great success and much merriment.

"It was called 'Toasting the General,'" she said, "and was handed down from my grandmother, who was a contemporary of George Washington.

"The boys and girls were seated around the table, and a glass of water was placed before each one. The leader took up his glass, saying gravely, 'I drink to the health of Gen. George Washington!' Then he nodded his head once, took one sip of water, and touched the bottom of his glass once to the table before setting it down. He then patted the table once with his right hand and the floor once with his right foot. This formula went around the table.

"Next the leader said, 'I drink for the second time to the health of Gen. George Washington. As he took up his glass he nodded twice, took two sips of water, touched his glass twice to the table, patted the table twice with his left hand and the floor twice with his left foot. This again went the rounds.

"Then the leader raised his glass again, saying, 'I drink for the third and last time to the health of Gen. George Washington!' nodded three times, took three sips of water, touched his glass three times to the table, patted the table three times, first with his left and then with his right hand, and the first with his left and then with his right foot.

"This ended the game, save for the forfeits which were called in consequence of mistakes. And there was scarcely a person in the room who had not nodded or sipped in the wrong order, or patted too many or too few times, or with the wrong hand or foot; so there was much sport."

Fun, as well as history, repeats itself, and the same old-time game was nounced one of the best forfeit plays the boys and girls had ever tried.

Rusian Wolf Story.

"Well," said the red-faced man, 'the most exciting case I ever had happened a few days ago in Russia. One night, when sleighing about ten miles from my destination, I discovered, to my intense horror, that I was being followed by a pack of wolves. I fired blindly into the pack, killing one of the brutes, and to my delight, saw the others stop to devour it.

"After doing this, however, they still came on. I kept on repeating the dose, with the same result and each occasion gave me an opportunity to whip up my horses. Finally there was only one wolf left, yet on it came, with its fierce eyes glaring in anticipation of a good, hot supper."

Here the man who had been sitting in the corner burst forth into a fit of laughter.

"Why, man," said he, "by your way of reckoning that last wolf must have had the rest of the pack inside of him!"

"Ah!" said the red-faced man, "now I remember, it did wabble a bit."—London Tit-Bits.

In Wall Street.

Wayfarer from Arcadia—As I came up Wall street it struck me as being a sordid rift in something. "Sordid rift" is good, but what's it a rift in? Eh?

Denizen of the Street—Sordid rift. Yes, that's good. What ails it's being a rift in the loot?—Life.

"Why do men stay away from the church?"

"Well, sometimes I don't go because I haven't got new shoes, and then again I don't go because I have new shoes."—Indianapolis Journal.

ONE GAVE RELIEF.

The Journey of a Cough Drop Across the Hall to a Woman.

The clever Russian violinist who who charmed all his hearers at the Peabody recital, on Friday, was not to blame for the incident. Although his name begins with something that sounds like a sneeze and ends in a "koff," yet the outbreak cannot be traced to that source. It was simply the result of the cold weather, and, probably, a draught. When the cough started the lady who found herself the victim of it was as mortified as could be. She knew that it was disturbing the audience and feared that it might give pain to the performer. She would have given worlds to have it stop, but the cough went on with all the regularity of a piece of clockwork.

But there was a Good Samaritan in the audience, and this Good Samaritan happened to have a box of cough drops in her pocket. She had been to a concert before, and knew what a good, strong, healthy cough can do to a sonata in C minor. Her fellow woman with the irritated tonsils sat far from her, almost at the other end of the large room—but that made no difference. She must have a cough drop, and must have it right away. The noise must be stopped. She could not get up and carry the drop to the cougher. That would make the disturbance worse than it was. There was but one way to do it. The cough drop must be passed down the line. So she wrapped it up in a piece of paper, asked her neighbor to pass it on, and thus started it on its mission of peace. There was a smile, there was even a number of perceptible titters as it made its way slowly from lady to another. Some of them insisted on unwrapping the little bundle and making a special study of the drop, and more than one came near laughing in meeting when they found what burden they were bearing. But, in spite of all obstacles, the cough drop reached its goal and at once did its work.

A more grateful woman than the one to whom it was sent did not sit in the hall, and no one enjoyed the recital more than the Good Samaritan.—Baltimore American.

A FAMOUS PLATE.

The First Engraving Was Printed on a Laundress' Bundle.

Two groups of tourists were standing in the Pitti palace before the large plate of pure silver upon which Finiguerra, the great master of early engraving, had depicted his lovely "Madonna and Child" in a trellised arbor covered with roses. An Italian lady was telling her friends in an undertone the charming anecdote of Finiguerra and the laundress.

The artist, it seems, in mastering the new and difficult art of engraving upon metal, had acquired a singularly keen eye and delicate touch, and he also possessed a number of very fine and sharp instruments, which he used in his work.

Being a kindly man he sometimes placed both his sure hand and his fine tools at the service of his friends and neighbors in performing for them some of the simpler operations of surgery, until he acquired quite a reputation for his skill in doctoring their hurts.

One day a poor laundress who had been washing clothes, in wringing out a garment in which a needle had been carelessly left, ran it deeply into her hand. Worse yet, it broke off in the wound and a part remained imbedded in the flesh. She was in much pain, and on her way back from the stream where she had been washing she stopped at the house of the artist and was admitted.

Entering his studio she hastily set down her wet and heavy bundle and held out the injured hand, begging his assistance. Finiguerra left his work to help her, and after long and delicate manipulation extracted the broken needle. The woman thanked him and turned to go, lifting her bundle from its resting place.

Then he saw that she had set it upon one of his engravings. Like all others at that time, it was a plate of engraved metal, complete in itself, and regarded as a single and sufficient picture, exactly as if it had been a painting.

But as the damp bundle was raised the quick eye of Finiguerra saw that it had received an impression from the engraved picture beneath, and his quick mind seized at once the suggestion of the possibility of indefinite reproduction from a single original. So that from the kindness of a great artist to a poor washerwoman sprang the discovery which has placed the beautiful products of the engraver's art within the reach of all of us today!—Youth's Companion.

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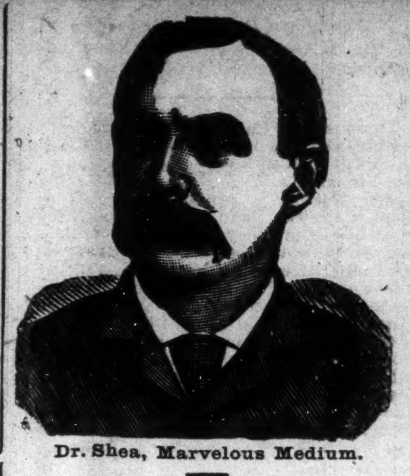

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RICH, HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL with all their undertakings, while those who neglect his advice are still laboring against poverty. Through his perfect knowledge of chemistry he can impart to you a secret that will overcome your enemies and win you friends. His aid and advice has often been solicited; the result has always been the securing of speedy and happy marriages and all your wishes. In love affairs he never fails. He has the secret of winning the affections of the opposite sex.

It is the curse of Spiritualism that in all large cities there is a class of men and women who claim powers they do not possess. They have neither gifts, credentials nor references. Surely the colored people are not so wanting in sense as to throw their time and money away on such. Dr. Shea refers to the Hon. Chas. Miller, capitalist, 2481 Atlantic avenue; the Hon. Wm. Denmore, architect and builder, 47 Cleveland avenue, and Mr. Fred Lampe, grocer, 641 Fulton street, Brooklyn. All have known him for the past ten years. He gives a free test of his power to all. The Doctor has practiced five years in New Orleans, St. Louis, Memphis and Louisville; understands thoroughly the diseases, spells or influences the race is subject to. He has now and always had the patronage from them.

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING:

Brooklyn, Aug. 15.—This is to certify that I came to New York from Albany. I was a stranger in a strange city, out of work and out of money. I had no luck in anything I undertook. What to do I did not know. A friend advised me to go and see Dr. Shea. I did. He told me the cause of my troubles; he took me in and treated me as a brother. Through him I got a good position that very week. I had been to others; they took my money and did me no good. I bless the day I first met Dr. Shea. I would advise all in bad luck, sick or in trouble to go to him at once. Sincerely,

ALBERT AYRES.

Plainfield, N. J.

A SENSATION IN BROOKLYN—A MINISTER'S STATEMENT:

I wish to state that one of my parishoners was sick and in trouble for a long time, Mrs. Brown, 37 Gay street. No one seemed to understand her case. She had several doctors, but none of them seemed to know what was the matter. None could do her any good. It was my duty as her pastor to call and see her. Hearing of the wonderful work being done by Dr. Shea the last few years, I thought I would call and see him myself. I found him a sympathetic gentleman. He gave me a wonderful test of his powers; told me to send him a lock of the patient's hair, which I did by her daughter. He told at once what was the matter and in a short time cured her sound and well. Her family had seemingly been under a cloud. Now all is changed. All are well and prosperous. I can truly and heartily recommend Dr. Shea to all those in sickness or distress of any kind.

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Union City, Tenn., June, 20, 99.—Dr. Sadie F. Porter; I have used your medicine and find it to be as you have advertised it. I only used your hair preparation twice and my hair began to grow and stopped falling ont. My hair is now growing beautifully. Before I began using your preparation I tried everyhing I heard of, but nothing proved successful but your Magic Hair Grower. I will also accept an agency for your medicine. I have had several calls for your medicine and have recommended it to my sister, at Fort Smith, Ark. She will also send for some of the remedies. Yorus for success. PEARLIE F. LONG.

Prescott, Ark., Sept., 30, 1899—Dr. Sadie F. Porter, 904 Cedar street, Nashville, Tenn. Dear Doctor: I beg leave to say that about fifteen days ago you treated me for neuralgia at your office, and I have not felt a symptom of it since. Your medicines seem to bring instant relief. I have had treatments before, but nothing to compare with yours. You rubbed my head very lightly once and gave me one dose of that Magic Blood and Nerve Tonic, and the pain disappeared. I don't think think that any one should hesitate in purchasing your medicines, for they are what they are recommended. Respectfully,

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Is guaranteed to be perfectly safe and harmless. Is the most wonderful hair preparation in the world, to make kinky, harsh and stubborn hair grow long, straight, soft, pliable and glossy. It restores color, and grows hair on bald heads and thin places. A great hair tonic for all Scalp Diseases. Price, 25 and 50 cents. SCOTT'S FACE BLEACH AND BEAUTIFIER, 25 cts. LITTLE HERO PILLS. For Constipation, Torpid Liver, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Kidney Affection, the Complexion and For The Blood. Price 10 and 25 cts. At all drug stores or sent by mail on receipt of price. Stamps accepted. Agents wanted. Can make $75 to $150 per month. Write for instructions. Enclose 2c. stamp for reply. P. O. Box 570. SCOTT REMEDY CO., Louisville, Ky. 5 cents additional for packing and postage.

DR. B. F. BYE'S SANATORIUM, Indianapolis, Ind.

Cancer

Cured With Soothing Balmy Oils.

Cancer, Tumor, Fistula, Eczema and skin diseases. Cancer of the nose, eye, lip, ear, neck, breast, stomach, womb—in fact, all internal or external organs or tissues, cured without knife or burning plasters, but with soothing aromatic oils. Send for an illustrated book on the above diseases. Home treatment sent in most cases. Address as above.

THE WAITERS' MANUAL

Price, $1.00 Every waiter who wishes to make money should buy this book. Every headwaiter who desires to make a reputation should advise his men to obtain it.

Compiled by W FORREST COZART, Head-Waiter

CONTENTS: How to Become a Good Waiter; How to Get Up an' Order; How to Serve Meals; How to Serve a Banquet; Remarks to Young Head-waiters, etc., etc., etc. Address: THE FREEMAN, Indianapolis, Ind.

25c. SAMPLE BOTTLE 10c. FOR NEXT THIRTY DAYS.

5 DROPS [TRADE MARK.]

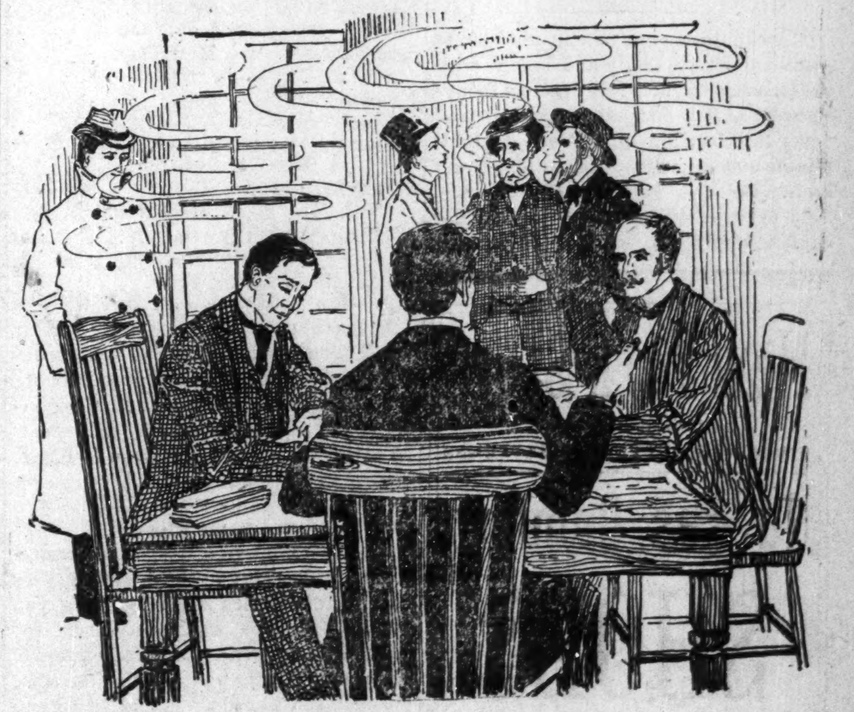
The World's Greatest Robber

But All for the Good of Suffering Humanity, for It Robs Them of Diseases.

RHEUMATISM, HAY FEVER, ETC.

By the never failing merit and efficacy of "5 DROPS," many diseases have been robbed of their terror, and the grave of many of its victims. Through the prompt and decisive action of "5 DROPS," thousands have been snatched from the jaws of death and restored to health, happiness and friends. Many a person has been told by the attending physician that they were beyond the reach of medical science. Yet today, they live and are a walking advertisement for this remedy, and are likely to reach a ripe old age. This may sound a little skeptical to some, **yet it is true, most positively true.** We make no exaggerated statements in behalf of this remedy; we hold out no false promises to the sick and afflicted. But we say to all of them, it does not matter how many doctors have treated you, how many remedies you have tried, how long you have suffered, if you have any of the following diseases, you can positively be cured by the use of "5 DROPS." for it never fails: **RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BACKACHE, ASTHMA, HAY-FEVER, CATARRH, TOOTHACHE, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS and NEURALGIC HEADACHES HEART WEAKNESS. EARACHE, CROUPE, MALARIA, DROPSY, CREEPING NUMBNESS, BRONCHITIS, LA GRIPPE,** and kindred diseases. So proof positive are we of the effectiveness and highly curative properties of "5 DROPS," backed up by the many thousands of testimonials received from grateful persons from every part of the country, that we are fully warranted in saying "5 DROPS" is daily curing more people than all the remedies on the market combined, and in cases of Rheumatism, it is curing more than all the doctors combined for they cannot cure chronic Rheumatism. "5 DROPS" can and does cure it, regardless of how severe, or how long standing. "5 DROPS" is not alone the best remedy on earth, but is also the cheapest, for a dollar bottle contains 300 doses. Price per bottle, $1.00, prepaid by mail or express, or six bottles for $5.00. Sample bottles, 25c., but for the next thirty (30) days will send sample bottle for 10c. 5 Drops is the name and the dose. Agents wanted.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, 160-164 E. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.



Ripans Tabules are just the thing for work of this kind, where a large amount of writing is done in poorly ventilated rooms.

WANTED:—A case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R·I·P·A·N·S on the package and accept no substitute. R·I·P·A·N·S, 10 for 5 cents, or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

L. S. AYRES & Co

SOLE AGENTS FOR STANDARD PATTERNS.

New Spring Woolens

We are jealous of our dress goods reputation. Thirty years of emphatic leadership in one line is not common in these growing Central States. We have sold more dress goods in the past, and continue to sell more, than others for a number of reasons, which are as patent now as they were thirty years ago.

Our styles are right.
Our qualities reliable.
Our prices as low as any that stand for goods of equal merit.
Samples of whatever
You want whenever
You want them.

L. S. AYRES & Co

Indiana's greatest distributers of dry goods

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

..CITY NOTES..

Ten cent smoke for five cents—Pro Bono.

Rev. D. A. Graham former pastor of Bethel occupied the pulpit last Sunday morning.

The Freeman is always on sale at the Bates House Barber Shop. Price 5c.

At the Palace De Vandyke get your hair cut and shave with the man with the Vandyke, 344 Indiana avenue.

A. E. Gramby at the Palaise De Vandyke. Get your hair cut and shave by the man with the Vandyke. 344 Indiana avenue.

Smoke Pro Bono.

Mrs. Hallie Grady who has been visiting her friend Mrs. Mollie McCown for the past four weeks has returned to her home in Princeton, Ind.

Miss A. Myrtle Wallace who has been sojourning at her home in Monmouth, Ill., for some time has returned to the city and resumed her "case" in the Recorder office.

A Musical and Violet Wedding will be given for the benefit of The Flanner Neighborhood Guild at the residence of Mrs. A. H. Henderson, 419 California street Monday Feb. 26. Admission 10 cents.

Who said Corbin and Porter has closed. They have the finest Afro-American barbershop in the world and are doing an increased business at the old stand, 344 Indiana ave. "The Man with the Vandike."

The Ninth Presbyterian Sunday school is doing good work and is increasing in number under the management of Prof. Willliams superintendent and his able corps of teachers and Miss Myrtle Hart pianist.

You can dress your hair in the latest fashionable style easily and safely with the Original Ozonized Ox Marrow (copyrighted) as it is perfectly harmless and never fails to make kinky hair straight, pliable and beautiful. Imitations won't do it. Be sure you get the genuine. Sold over forty years. If your dealer cannot supply you send us fifty cents and we will ship you a bottle. Ozonized Ox Marrow Co., 76 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

New York Store

(Established 1853)

Sole Agents BUTTERICK PATTERNS

Nurses Comfort

SHOES

Designed especially for Ladies whose duties require them to stand or walk many hours of the day.

Finest grade in button and lace.......$2.00
Second grade in lace and congress.......$1.50

Try them, you'll like them.

Pettis Dry Goods Co.

"Kid" Roberson, the clever light weight pugilist has returned from a very pleasant visit with relatives in Los Angles, Cal. He is in good condition and will no doubt be matched to fight "Chicago" Jack Dailey in a few days. The "Kid" entertained a few friends at dinner last Tuesday, among those present were Ollie Reese, Fred Douglass and Edward Harris of the Williams and Walker Co.; James Vaughn and Elwood Knox.

The ladies of Walters Chapel gave a large reception Wednesday night Feb. 14, at their church on Barth avenue in the honor of Bishop George W. Clinton. The guests were Bishop George Clinton, Rev. A. Wakefield, Rev. Harrod, Rev. Avery, Rev. Kennedy, Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Leonard Rev. Mrs. John Preston, Rev. Donnohue. The table held a large oval basket of pink carnations set in maiden hair fern. The ladies of the church spared no pains to make this one of the grandest events of the season. The committees of arrangements were Mrs. Lizzie Birch, Mrs. Handy, Miss J. McMurray, Miss Katie Stevenson, Miss Ida Tucker, Mrs. Annie Cocanangher, Miss Sara Dickerson.

Central Republican League.

The Central Republican League held their weekly meeting last Tuesday evening in the Circuit Court room quite a number were present and a great many joined the organization. Speeches were made by Hon. Gurley Brewer, G. L. Jones. Rev. W. O. White and others, all of which tended to show a feeling of gratitude for the administration of President Wm. McKinley.

THE OLD MAIDS' CONVENE!

In Session Wednesday Evening at New Simpson M. E. Chapel—A Large Audience in Attendance.

The Old Maids' Convention occurred at Simpson Chapel, Wednesday evening Feb. 21, before one of the largest audiences that has been seen in this beautiful edifice, long before the "Convention" was called to order, standing room was at a premium. The different charactors were well played and they kept the big audience in a continuous uproar. The following was the cast of

...CHARACTERS...

Sarah Jane Fly Away.... President, Mrs. J. T. V. Hill.
Abigail Graphilla Harlan....Secretary, Mrs. E. A. White.
Submit T. Smith............Treasurer Mrs. Lucinda Hayden

OLD MAIDS.

Sukey Jerusha Henry........... Mrs. Susie Miller.
Bandusia Maria Clark........... Mrs. Polly Williamson.
Glorious Gad-about Woods........... Mrs. M. E. Johnson.
Christiana Diadem Little........ Mrs. Ada Stevenson.
Samantha Dorothy Graham..... Mrs. Ella Ferguson.
Celeste Ann Popover........... Miss Eliza Barbee.
Penelope Charity Lonface........ Mrs. G. Guthrie.
Araminta Jecksog Bass........... Mrs. Irene Franklin.
Rebecca Belinda Cooper........... Mrs. B. J. Morgan.
Aramillas Rosebud Funk........... Mrs Minnie Scott.
Miranda Peak Allen........... Mrs. Charles Jackson.
Sukey Jemina Kates........... Mrs. Laura Davis.
Mehilable Cutright Scott........... Mrs. Carrie Ross.
Eugenia Allen Miss Elenora Gordon.
Serena Washington McKinley........ Mrs. Alice Grysell.
Prudence Adeline Gapen Miss Biddie Miller.
Victorious Dewey Sampson Miss Carrie Miller.
Serena Skillets Mrs. M. Worthington.
Miss Impertinant Brown........ Mrs. John Starling.
Jane Ann Forbidden Fruit........ Mrs. V. M. Lewis, instructor

The committee deserves the best of praise for presenting such a unique entertainment, and judging from the big success both in entertaining and financially the "Convention" may be repeated at an early date. George L. Knox, chairman of committee.

The Dixie Flyer.

For quick service and close connections for all points in the Southeast see that your local ticket agents route you via the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway when going to Tennessee, Alabama, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. For all information, maps, folders and rates write to Biard F. Hill, N. P. A., 328 Marquette Bld'g. Chicago, Ill., or W. L. Danley G. P. and T. A. Nashville, Tenn.

Rooms for gentlemen only, large light and warm rooms with latest improvements. Mrs. Canton 440 W. Michigan.

Notice! Notice!

Any one desiring invitations or visiting cards neatly written, please send their order to Miss Mattie Ford, 604 Preston avenue, Houston, Texas.

You Can Get The Freeman at the Bates House Barber Shop every Saturday. Price 5c.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on tne market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Corner the Market.

One of the most peculiar situations in regard to the egg supply ever known exists in the United States today. The situation is the result of storing eggs in an attempt to control the market. There are liable to be two results. One is that the people of the country will have cold storage eggs foistered upon them as the newly laid product. The other is that the people who attempted to corner the market will suffer heavy losses.

The beginning of the "cornering" effect dates back to last summer. At that time, it is said, the Chicago packers evolved the scheme of buying up all the eggs that could possibly be gathered together and storing them until the supply became scarce. As is usual in schemes, it was anticipated that the scarcity would send the price sky high. Then the stored eggs were to be unloaded on the market and a fortune was to be made for the packers. It is figured that 7,000,000 cases, each case containing thirty dozen eggs, were stored away. To the industrious hen, whose capacity is one egg a day, this is an exceedingly large amount.

The scheme to control the market fell through. There was no call for the stored eggs, and the packers began to lie awake o' nights thinking. At present the hens are beginning to lay fresh eggs. These are coming into the market and no one wants the stored eggs.

A little figuring will show how enormous the loss will be. There are 7,000,000 cases of eggs, or 210,000,000 dozen, stored throughout the country. these were bought up at 15 cents a dozen. The present price of eggs a dozen outside of Cleveland is on an average four cents a dozen more than the price at which the stored eggs were bought. This will be a loss of about $8,400,000 to the packers. It is conjectured that there are 6,000 cases of stored eggs in Cleveland. The loss there will also be very large. It is reported that the packers in that vicinity have a way out of the dilemma. It is said that next summer, when the eggs are shipped here from outlying towns, the stored eggs will be mixed with fresh ones and that in that way the old product will be sold to the unsuspecting public.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THREE ECLIPSES.

Two of the Sun and One of the Moon Visible This Year.

In this, the last year of the nineteenth century, which, by the way, is not a leap year, though it is divisible by four, there will be three eclipses, two of the sun and one of the moon.

The solar eclipse, taking place on the 28th of May, will be visible throughout the United States, and be total from the southern part of Virginia down through Mexico, while north of Norfolk, Va., it will be partial. In the city of Baltimore it will begin at 7:45 a. m. Of all phenomena of nature there is none so profoundly impressive and awe-inspiring as a total eclipse of the sun, and a trip to those regions of the country through which a shadow of the moon will pass on the 28 the of May is well worth undertaking. It scarcely admits of any doubt that many thousand people of of the northern and middle states of the Union will go to see a phenomenon which comparatively few people have ever had the privilege of beholding. The average breadth of the eclipse track will be nearly sixty miles. A second eclipse of the sun will occur on the 21st of November. It will be annular, but not visible in this country. A partial eclipse of the moon will take place on the 12th of June, though it will not be visible in this country.

New Ostrich Farm.

In Jacksonville, Fla., has just been established an ostrich farm, which is the wonder of all the country about.

The ancestors of these ostriches were brought in a sailing ship from South Africa—their home—to California. Of the fifty-two emigrants two died on the way. The others suffered a rapid decline in the California climate. The few who lived were taken to Florida, where a process of rapid breeding was carried on, and the present flourishing colony is the result.

The average bird weighs 300 pounds and is eight feet high. Their hunger is insatiable, and in the matter of food they have no preferences. They take great delight in a meal of ashes and kindling wood. One of them ate a gimlet the other day, and Napoleon, the largest ostrich in the family, once swallowed a lighted pipe with no apparent inconvenience.

Made Him Groan.

"Why doesn't Adelaide bring in the turkey?" demanded the professor, who sat waiting, carving knife in hand.

No response. A premonition of impending trouble hung over the company.

"Why has Adelaide delayed?" he asked. "Is there no one to aid Adelaide? No? Ah de lady comes with a delayed turkey, and the table looks a deal laden."

"I wonder," mused one of the younger members of the group, "if the egg from which this turkey was hatched was A. D. laid."

The professor groaned; the probable effect of his example on the growing generation had never occcurred to him.—Chicago Tribune.

Drugless Healing

The Greatest Boon to the Afflicted Ever Discovered

The Oxygen Treatment is the Most Important Discovery in Two Thousand Years.

THE PERFECTED OXYGENOR KING

Cures all manner of diseases without drugs or electricity, by causing the body to absorb OXYGEN through the skin and membranes, which in turn creates the most heroic functionizing of every organ in the body, purifying, enriching and vitalizing the blood.

Oxygen is all activity, its mission in the world is to change; it tears down only to build up.

Oxygen is the only builder in the human body; it is man's greatest friend; it destroys the bad parts of the living tissue; and rebuilds the good.

It is heartily indorsed by the best people in the country who have tried it; among them being such men as Rev. Sam Jones, Major Blackburn of Cincinnati, O; Judge Bradley of Omaha, Neb.; Judge E. B. Evans of Des Moines, Ia.; Col. Tidd of Cleveland, O., and thousands of others.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:

A REMARKABLE CURE

Read This Testimony from a Prominent Lady of Paris, ky.

PARIS, KY., Jan. 3, 1900.
OXYGENOR CO., Cincinnati, Ohio:

I have been a great sufferer from nervous sick headache for the last 10 years, and when I was informed that the Oxygenor would cure me I had but little faith in it. But as I had tried everything that claimed to cure and being informed by several good physicians that my case was a hopeless one, I was ready to try almost anything for relief.

While treating for sick headache I was completely cured of a desperate case of female trouble, whereby I was compelled to wear an abdominal support for years to enable me to get around at all; and in less than three weeks I was well enough to dispose of it.

I regard the effects produced by this instrument as simply marvelous and do not write this as an advertisement, but rather as a simple statement of facts.

Respectfully,
MRS. G. W. GARDNER, Paris, Ky.

STRONGLY ENDORSED.

By the Venerable Former Bishop of the Evangelical Association.

STRONGSVILLE, O., June, 1899.
THE OXYGENOR CO.:

Recently I have suffered a severe attack of acute rheumatism, arising in my left leg and foot, which presently spread over the whole body, causing intense pain and feverishness, and what made this unpleasant condition still much worse was a relapse into La Grippe, which had left its bad after-effects from last winter in my system and now reissued into a fullfledged Grippe again. I was then a "sick man," indeed! After several remedies had made a most complete failure I got hold of the "Perfected Oxygenor King," and he at once arrested the dangerous enemy and in a polite but very efficient manner expelled him in a short time from my system and filled it anew with vital force and vigor.

Bless God, who in mercy gave understanding to some men to place such a King upon the throne. R. YEAKEL.
(Age 72 years.)

FROM A PROMINENT EDITOR.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 25, 1900.
INDIANA OXYGENOR CO.

Dear Sir.—I have tested the Oxygenor King, purchased from you, on myself and family for the various ills we have been afflicted with, and can truly say it has given very satisfactory results. I firmly believe it is all you claim for it.
Editor Indianapolis Independent.

FROM A PROMINENT MANUFACTURER

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 16.
INDIANA OXYGENOR CO.

Dear Sir.—I have been using the Oxygenor King purchased from you one month, and am pleased to say I am very much improved from a very severe attack of rheumatism and inflamation of my eyes, which had kept me confined to my room for over four months.

Your truly,
J. M. Parkhurst,
of firm of Parkhurst Bros. & Co., Bolt Manufacturers, 814 N. East street, Indianapolis.

We invite the closest investigation. This may be to you a message of hope and health, and if you value your own health and that of your loved ones, do not neglect this opportunity.

P. S.—Send stamp for OXYGENOR GAZETTE and Booklet.

INDIANA OXYGENOR CO.

17½ S. Meridian Street, INDIANAPOLIS, IND

Wanted.

Wanted:—Lady roomers, board or without board perfect protection guaranteed. Mrs. Richardson 320 E. Vermont street.

A. A. BUCKNER

...CIGARIST...

Dealer in the best foreign and domestic goods. All kinds of smoking and chewing tobacco. Fine Pipes. Call for what you want and you will be pleased,

344 - Indiana Avenue. - 344

THE FAVORITE

534 Indiana Avenue.

Ice Cream Soda and Ice Cream.

—HOT SODA—

CANDIES

In Sacks, Baskets or Boxes. Our delicate conectinary, put up in dainty boxes makes appreciatve gifts.

FINE PERFUMES.

NUTS, FRUITS, CIGARS

Reed & Robinson

Dealers in Oils and Gasoline

THE FREEMAN, A National Negro Newspaper. It is conceded to be the leading Newspaper published by the race in the world. No expense is spared by the publisher in making it an ideal home journal. More special contributors than any two other Negro papers. We want an active agent in every town and city in the United States. Write for terms Add: The Freeman, Indianapolis, IND.

ONCE MORE

I apply for three bottles of Ozonized Ox Marrow. I have told others what a wonderful effect your remedy had in MAKING THE HAIR GROW. My hair was very short but since I have used the original Ozonized Ox Marrow I can now fix it any way I want to.

MISS ANNA CHIN, Springfield, O.

Ozonized Ox Marrow also makes curly or kinky hair straight, smooth, pliable and beautiful. Prevents falling out and breaking off. Beware of imitations. The genuine never disappoints. Warranted harmless, Only 50 cents. Sold by dealers or send us $1.40 for three bottles express paid. Write your name and address plainly to the Ozonized Ox Marrow Co., 76 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

The Freeman $1.50

Invalid Rolling and Parlor Reclining--- CHAIRS,

Ball-Bearing Rubber Tires, Light Running and Comfortable.

MANY STYLES

PHYSICIANS' Office FURNITURE

Catalogue Free. Highest Standard of Excellence.

W. D. ALLISON CO., Manufacturers, 131 East South Street, INDIANAPOLIS, IND

MORRIS & CO.

Groceries and Meat Market

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class supply of goods pertaining to the business.

529 Senate Av, Corner NORTH ST. New Phone 2837.

Flanner & Buchanan,

THE LEADING

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

320 N. Illinois St., bet. New York and Vermont st

BEST SERVICE FAIR PRICE

IT WILL PAY YOU

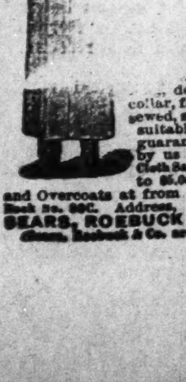
You can save one-third on your purchase on anything you buy of us during this sale.

Men's and Boys' Clothing, Ladies Capes and Jackets, Ladies Fur Collarettes, Ladies Separate Skirts and Waists, Men's and Boys' Shoes, Hats and Caps, Underwear for Ladies and Gents and lots of other goods will be sold very cheap at,

330 WEST WASHINGTON ST.

THE GLOBE

...rading Stamps.



5 BOX RAIN COAT

REGULAR $5.00 WATERPROOF MACKINTOSH FOR $2.75.

No Money. Cut this ad. out and send to us, your height and weight, state number of inches around body at breast taken over vest under coat close up under arms, and we will send you this coat by express, C. O. D. subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, equal to any coat you can buy for ..., pay the express agent our special ... $2.75, and express charges.

MACKINTOSH is latest ..., made from heavy waterproof, ... genuine Davis Covert Cloth; extra ..., double breasted, Sager velvet collar, fancy plaid lining, waterproof sewed, strapped and cemented seams, suitable for both rain or overcoat, and guaranteed greatest value ever offered by us or any other house. For Free Cloth Samples of Men's Mackintoshes up to $5.00, and Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats at from $5.00 to $10.00, write for Free Book No. 90C. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

$1.98 BUYS A $3.50 SUIT

3,000 CELEBRATED "NEVERWEAROUT" DOUBLE SEAT AND KNEE, REGULAR $3.50 BOYS' TWO-PIECE KNEE PANTS SUITS AT $1.98.

A NEW SUIT FREE FOR ANY OF THESE SUITS WHICH DON'T GIVE SATISFACTORY WEAR.

SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad. out and send to us, state age of boy and say whether large or small for age and we will send you the suit by express, C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and equal to suits sold in your town for $3.50, pay your express agent our Special Offer Price, $1.98, and express charges.

THESE KNEE PANT SUITS are for boys 4 to 15 years of age and are retailed everywhere at $3.50. Made with DOUBLE SEAT and KNEES, latest 1900 style as illustrated, made from a special heavy weight, wear-resisting, all-wool Stanton Cassimere, neat, handsome pattern, fine Italian lining, genuine Graydon interlining, padding, staying and reinforcing, silk and linen sewing, fine tailor-made throughout, a suit any boy or parent would be proud of. FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of Boys' Clothing for boys 4 to 19 YEARS, write for Sample Book No. 95K, contains fashion plates, tape measure and full instructions how to order. Men's Suits made to order from $5.00 up. Samples sent free on application. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago, Ill.

(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)